

# COUNTRY LIFE

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*Bertram Park.*

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable.

## THE FOOT-AND-MOUTH GERM

EARLY in April of this year the announcement was made that two German men of science, Professor Paul Frosch and Professor H. Dahmen, had succeeded in discovering the germ of foot-and-mouth disease. A natural thought was that this would have been regarded as news of high importance at every research station in England where money and brains and endless trouble have been devoted to the hunt for this microbe. Little attention, however, was paid to it. The reason advanced for that was that the announcement was made in a provincial morning paper, and the dignity of science would not condescend to take a cue from such a source. It was an absurd position and, indeed, rather an arrogant one. There are newspapers, as there are individuals, some of which are trustworthy, and many of which are not. To lump them all into one category is to make the mistake of the traveller in Holland, who returned with the news that all the Dutch women were one-armed. He made the statement with the reservation, "At least, the only one I saw had only one arm." As a matter of fact, it was a newspaper renowned for its very careful sifting of news and for a strong sense of its responsibility to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, namely, the *Manchester Guardian*, which promulgated the news. In other parts of Europe the men of science were not so sceptical. They thought, at any rate, that it justified a pilgrimage to Berlin in order to

discover what had really happened. Meanwhile, the two German professors went on with their task without troubling too much about who believed in their sincerity and who did not. They carefully avoided indiscreet statements, and, far from exaggerating the importance of what they had done, they pointed out that the discovery of the germ was only a single step in a long journey. It did not bring with it an assurance that the disease could be coped with. Since then they have been making cultures and experimenting to ascertain whether they could infect cattle with a mild form of the disease. Before the usefulness of the discovery can be judged, we must find out whether the inoculation of a cow or steer would or would not make it immune. In other words, they could not assure the public that an animal can only take foot-and-mouth disease once. We know that, in regard to small-pox, inoculation does not altogether preclude an attack of the disease. It does, however, assure that it will occur in a less virulent form. We are not speaking just now of the relative importance of man and dumb animals, but of the practical issues at stake. If the animal, after being treated with the culture, still could take the disease, even in a mild form, much of the trouble would remain.

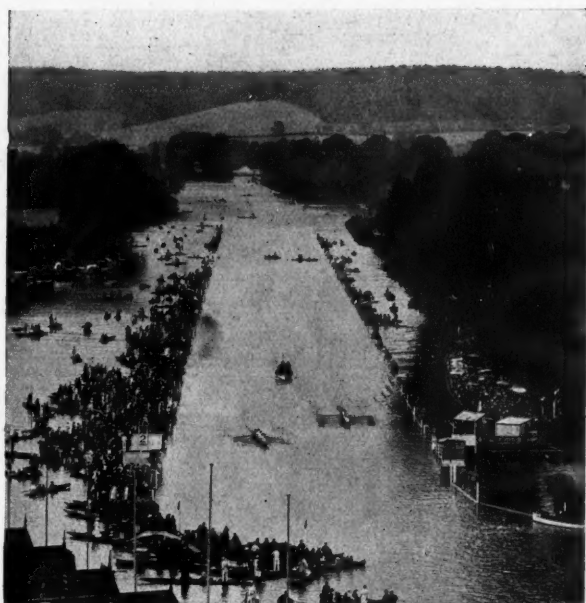
Now that the *Lancet* has published full particulars of the investigation, it may be expected that the English authorities will wake up to the importance of the discovery and the urgent necessity of carrying investigations still further. Our medical contemporary gives many particulars that will be welcome to the scientific investigator. It first of all gives the names of the six German authorities who were formed into a committee to examine the claims put forward, and they report that infection tests with the material submitted gave positive results. This material consisted of the sixth and twenty-sixth sub-cultures of the germ, and after twenty-six transplantations it retained its power to produce foot-and-mouth disease. Professor Frosch, who seems to have realised that the difficulty was, perhaps, the impossibility of seeing very minute organisms by ordinary methods, made use of the ultra-microscope and of ultra-violet light, the latter, because of its effect on the photographic plate. Professor Dahmen dealt with the growing of the germ, and he found, in the words of our contemporary, "that the 'blister fluid' in which it exists destroys it very rapidly (being nature's 'antidote' to the germ), and so he had to devise means of separating germ and 'antidote' at the earliest possible moment. He succeeded in doing this and also in obtaining growths which could be photographed."

It will be seen that the research has entered upon a most interesting and critical stage. Now that it has been found possible to infect cattle with foot-and-mouth disease, there need be no difficulty in finding out whether or not the culture is going to have the effect of preventing any animal from taking the disease a second time. We may, surely, look forward with confidence to an early solution of the question, for our experts, having been reassured by the printing of the story in a scientific paper, will now show the greatest energy in working out the possibilities. The material importance of the discovery can best be appreciated by remembering that the country has had to pay £3,342,000, in respect of animals slaughtered, less £495,000 estimated as recoverable for carcasses not infected, all for one long-continued outbreak.

## Our Frontispiece

LADY CONGREVE, who is the daughter of the late Captain C. B. La Touche, married in 1890 General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., K.C.B., M.V.O., D.L., who has recently succeeded Lord Plumer as Governor of Malta. During the war Lady Congreve served with great distinction in the French Red Cross, notably at Antwerp, receiving, among other decorations, the 1914 Star, the Croix de Guerre, the Reconnaissance Française from the French Government, the Victory and General Service Medals from England, and the Queen Elizabeth Medal from Belgium.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



## COUNTRY NOTES

**M**ANY circumstances combined to make the Royal Agricultural Show at Leicester a more cheerful gathering than was at one time expected. All the time that farmers were grumbling about the inclemency of April and the excessive rainfall of May, nature seemed to have been planning the production of an exceptionally good year in her own way. The sunshine that followed the deluge of rain and the withering cold wind had a miraculous effect on both stock and crop. The numerous visitors in England on account of the Wembley Exhibition who found their way to Leicester had the opportunity of seeing that famous agricultural county at its very best. Another comfort was that the difficulties due to foot-and-mouth have considerably decreased. The disease is less prevalent, and there is solid ground for hoping that science is in the way of vanquishing it. The regrettable absence of representatives from a number of herds and flocks was accounted for by the action of various local authorities who offered no resistance to the sending of animals, but ruled that they would not be allowed to return unless they were kept for a month at least in quarantine. That was a risk and expense few owners cared to encounter, and, accordingly, where such conditions were insisted upon, the animals that had been entered were not sent to the Show. In spite of all this, however, it was a very great exhibition, one in which the number of entries had not been exceeded except at Cambridge two years ago. The more interesting features of the Show will be dealt with in next week's issue.

**I**N the very able article contributed by Sir Robert Horne to the *Morning Post* on Monday, the day on which the First World Power Conference opened, the most interesting paragraph is that devoted to the position of Britain. The writer had previously shown how much more enterprising are our colonies, especially Canada, which has a population equal to one-fifth of the population of Britain, but has three-fifths of the installed generating-plant capacity of Britain. To achieve this it had shouldered a capital charge of 77 dollars per head of population, while the equivalent British figure lies in the neighbourhood of 14 dollars. It is just one example of the way in which "The external Empire has moved steadily forward, developing its resources, mobilising its man-power and its financial reserves to secure a basis for a huge future expansion." The contrasting figure is that of Britain putting up a hopeless struggle against international competition with insufficient machinery. Sir Robert's advice is that the power position in Britain should be brought into line with that of Canada

and Australia and that development should be taken seriously in hand "so that the Empire becomes a single power unit, increasing uniformly in strength from year to year with industrial equipment functioning at the height of its capacity." The article altogether is a very weighty argument, not at all of a political character, but urged with the single purpose of stirring this country up to put her whole strength into the enlargement of her industrial capacity. A vital question arises out of the inability of British industry to meet international competition by low production cost. Sir Robert points out that it is cheap power which has made it possible for the United States, France, Italy and Germany to increase the efficiency of labour. Britain must obtain cheap power if she is going to hold her own with them.

**I**N his death Mr. Mallory has made an immortal name for himself. It is true that even to the ordinary citizen he figured as a hero before the tragedy occurred. He participated in all the three efforts to reach the summit of Everest. After the second expedition he was described by the leader as having accomplished one of the greatest feats of human endurance in any field of activity. Some idea of his personality could not but be gathered from the lively and clever descriptions he wrote as the historian of the party. It was left to such friends, however, as Sir Arthur Shipley and Mr. Arthur Benson to bring his eminently humane and lovable character before the general public. The photograph we publish in this week's number, which was sent to us by the Master of Christ's, is, in its own way, as full of expression as is that of Rupert Brooke. To look at it is to find the reason at once for his being so universally loved by those with whom he came in contact. At the same time, it is a face full of character and meaning. It makes us feel all the more the tragedy of his fate, that he should be in a moment, as it were, swept out of existence by the mountain that he came to regard as a thing with a personality, a demon or a god. Whether one or the other, Everest is likely to hide for ever the bones of Mallory and Irvine, two heroes who perished in their pride.

### DESIGN.

My love is for the forms of things,  
The sweet, rare, speech of God—  
Linked as the wavelets each to each  
In one melodious flood.

ANNE F. BROWN.

**W**ALTER HAGEN, the American professional, won the Open Golf Championship at Hoylake by a single stroke. He had won it two years ago at Sandwich, and last year was beaten only by a single putt. That is a record which speaks for itself. We have got golfers who play fewer bad shots than Hagen does. We have some who are, perhaps, more brilliant. We have certainly one, in Duncan, who in his inspired moods can make anyone else appear commonplace. But we have got no one who can fight with his back to the wall like Hagen, no one who can make the very best out of the very worst as he does—not once or twice, but repeatedly. Since courage is the quality that makes the most irresistible appeal, the huge crowd at Hoylake, though they wanted England and Whitcombe to win, were carried off their feet into delirious cheering when Hagen holed his last putt. And rightly so, for that long stern chase over the last nine holes, when a single mistake might at any time prove fatal, was as fine an example of dour sticking power as was ever seen at any game.

**W**HILE Hagen was beating our golfers at Hoylake, our lawn tennis players at Wimbledon were encountering, not very successfully, invaders from half the countries of the world. In the last eight in the Men's Singles, France, Belgium, America, England and South Africa were all represented. But it is hardly too much to say that the real hero of this year's Wimbledon came from Australia. This was Norman Brookes, who defeated last year's finalist, the American, Hunter, only to fall, tired out at last, before the terrific left-handed drives of the Belgian, Washer. When, a little while before the war, Brookes

fought out that long, long battle against the German, Froitzheim, people called him a veteran and wondered at his courage and stamina. Now he is ten years older and forty-seven, and it was too much to hope that he could go through; but he made a glorious ending, just as J. H. Taylor did at Hoylake. Whether forty-seven is older in lawn tennis than fifty-three is in golf is a difficult question, but, in any case, both these heroes are old enough to bring infinite encouragement to their contemporaries who are beginning to think themselves too stiff.

THE report of the National Trust for 1923-24 records "a year of almost unexampled progress." Some of the acquisitions are vast, though comparatively remote. Such are the three thousand acres of mountains presented by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in memory of members killed in the war, and that sea-fowls' paradise, the Farne Islands. Nearer London, the late Edward North Buxton's gift of 600 acres of Hatfield Forest is of real importance. The inhabitants of Reigate bought, almost on their own, twenty-one acres of Reigate Hill, which have been handed over to the Trust; and Roman Camp, above West Runton, the highest ground in Norfolk (340ft.) and a place of pilgrimage for thousands from Cromer and Sheringham, is another acquisition. Mr. Noel Buxton's gift of Paycocke's House, Coggeshall, is the only architectural acquisition. But most important of all—at any rate to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, many of whom contributed to the £7,000 needed—is the purchase of 252 acres at Box Hill. It was not a bequest, and we had to work hard for the money. But all who gave may be gratified by the thanks given them in the report. Among the purchases for the completion of which money is still required are Bookham Common (£350), Cissbury Ring (£1,000), and Joiner's Hall, Salisbury (£700).

ONE of the most difficult problems with which the Russian Government is faced is what to do with the countless art treasures of which they are now the custodians. Sir Martin Conway's visit to the museums and strong-rooms of Petrograd and Moscow reassures us of the complete safety and thorough appreciation of pictures, plate and architecture. Among the 4,000 odd confiscated pictures, however, scarcely a dozen are of national importance. In one strong-room there are some 75,000 silver objects, of which, perhaps, 7,000 can be called works of art. There are countless galleries, mostly 100yds. long, stuffed with porcelain, European and Chinese, and chests of enamels, cameos, etc., more than a whole nation of connoisseurs could ever digest. What is to be done with the vast commonplace surplus—dull pictures, silver spoons and forks, second-rate Kien Lung? The Crown jewels are intact, as is also the French and English plate belonging to the Tsars. But most important of all is the revelation of the Novgorod school of painting. Before the revolution a few works were dimly known. Cleaning on a national scale reveals the fact that hundreds of gaudy nineteenth century ikons conceal, with several previous layers, exquisite works of art of the thirteenth-fifteenth centuries. About 800 of these have as yet been revealed. A great deal of vulgar nineteenth century work has been destroyed, but so far from destroying works of æsthetic value, the revolution has resulted in the discovery of unsuspected treasures, including a whole school of painting.

THE Great Western Railway is producing a new timetable that should receive a hearty welcome from the travelling public. Its main purpose is to intensify the work of the coaching stock and locomotives, but changes are also introduced that will add greatly to the convenience of the public. One of these is the standardisation of the times for train departures. Even the most forgetful passenger will not be so liable to go astray when he knows that all the regular trains that leave Paddington for Birmingham will do so at ten minutes past the hour; for Bristol at fifteen minutes past the hour; for West of England and Weymouth at the half-hour; for the Worcester and West Midland line at forty-five minutes past the hour; and for South Wales at fifty-five minutes past. A corresponding arrangement will

be made in regard to trains from the provinces to London. They will leave Bristol at fifteen minutes past the hour and Cardiff at fifteen minutes past. This is only a small part of the remodelling of the new time-table which is to come into operation on one day, commencing at twelve midnight, July 13th.

THE Marquess of Graham has issued a challenge that will put the steer wrestlers at Wembley on their mettle. He has told the manager that he was ready to have a Highland steer brought from his Scotch estate, and if any cowboy threw the steer in wrestling in one minute he would be paid the sum of ten pounds, while if the cowboy failed, that sum would be paid to the London hospitals. The challenge was accepted with the stipulation that the steer should not weigh more than 800lb. It would be hard to say on which side lie the odds. The cowboy must be preternaturally clever to spring off his horse and be content for a minute or two, more or less, to have no other physical support than his grasp of the horns of a steer. It has frequently been said that it is the man, not the beast, that is in danger; nevertheless the marquess may be right. The steers at the Rodeo are small in size and not very full of beans, to use a slang phrase. It is usual, when one of them is let loose, for it to have a good gallop before being caught up; and if, as sometimes happens, it makes a rush with a hefty cowboy hanging on to its horns and keeping his feet well above the ground, it can scarcely be in its best fighting condition when the man—who has not himself been running, but has been carried, first by the horse and then by the steer—matches his strength against that of the breathless animal.

#### REALISATION. (To Charterhouse.)

I love you now, you ancient place,  
The cloistered father of my aims,  
Though little good I brought to grace  
That scroll of great eternal names.

Crude, calfish youth could hardly feel  
The influence of yesterday,  
The mocking presence of a Steele,  
The shy shade of a Thackeray.

I played some rash and mirthless joke  
That seemed to smack of daring then.  
For me no great tradition spoke,  
Until I came to deal with men.

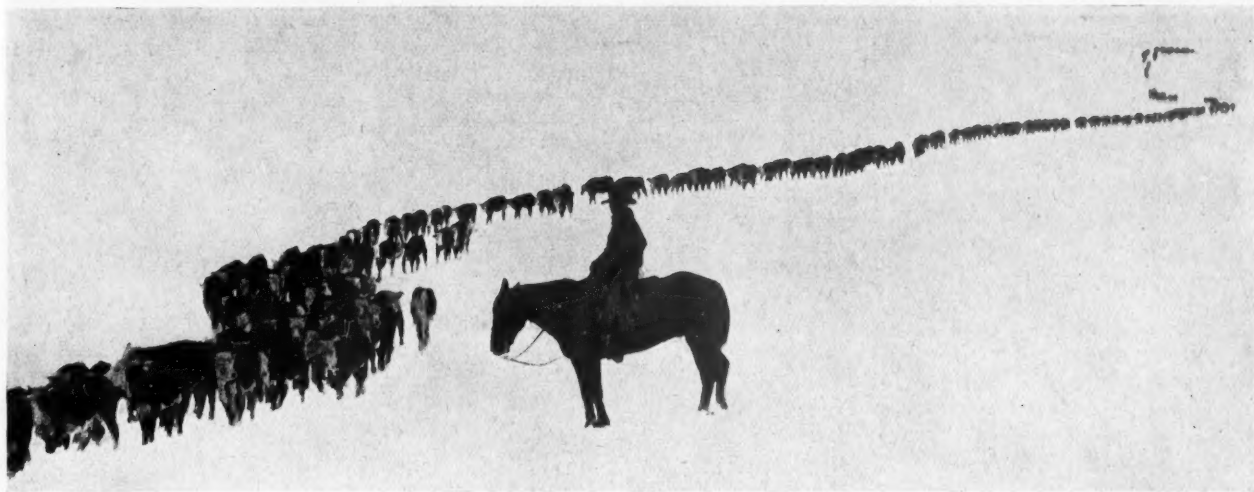
"Stone walls do not" . . . how doubly true,  
That proverb of a famous son!  
No cage nor prison walls were you,  
Though thus we jeered—and not in fun.

For thus the meed of praise you earned  
Takes feeble shape in recompense,  
Save only that the lines are learned,  
And time has taught us common sense.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

A GOOD and natural appointment has been made of Mr. Eric Maclagan, C.B.E., as successor to Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, C.V.O., who, having been born in 1859, retires from the position of director and secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum on September 11th. It would have been hard to find a worthy successor to Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith if one had not been trained in the Museum itself. Mr. Eric Maclagan has both experience and capacity at his disposal. He has been Deputy Keeper of the Department of Architecture and Sculpture at the Museum since 1921, and previous to that had a life that was a preparation for such a post as he now enters upon. He is the son of the late Archbishop Maclagan, and was born in 1879. From Winchester he went up to Christ Church and entered the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1905. His artistic and architectural duties were interrupted by the war, but those familiar with his articles in various art publications know his fitness for the position of Director and Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

## WHERE WEST IS STILL WEST



A LONG TRAIL IN WYOMING.

IN addition to the remuda, the equipment necessary for the spring round-up consists of a mess wagon, carrying a tent, cook stove, utensils and supplies, and a bed wagon, on which are loaded the cowboys' beds wrapped in heavy tarpaulins, dunnage bags, branding irons, and ropes for making a horse corral. The round-up cook drives the mess wagon, while it is the duty of the "night hawk" (the man who herds the remuda at night) to drive the bed wagon. The round-up crew includes from ten to fifteen men, some of whom represent other ranches and are known as "reps." The "wagon boss" is usually an old-timer who is thoroughly familiar with the range and with the various brands in that locality.

For the actual process of rounding up, the "wagon boss" scatters his men over enough country so that when all the cattle are gathered together there would probably be from 500 to 1,000 head in the herd. The start is made with the first appearance of the sun's rays, the men going to the heads or sources of the creeks and gulches and driving the cattle down to a level place that has previously been selected as a branding ground. When the cattle have all been bunched together, the sorting or cutting-out of stray animals begins. After the completion of

this task some of the riders are sent to gather wood for a branding fire, while others divest themselves of chaps and spurs preparatory to the strenuous work of branding the calves. This is almost the only actually hard work that is expected of the cowpuncher, and is where the tenderfoot who has set his heart on being a cowboy gets one of his first initiations. The tackling and throwing of lusty young beef calves is called "wrestling" calves and requires every bit as much active exertion as a football scrimmage, considerable skill being necessary in order to escape painful injuries from the sharp hoofs of these lively youngsters.

An expert roper, mounted on a good rope horse, rides carefully through the herd and, selecting a calf with his mother, skilfully casts the loop of his lariat over its neck or about its hind legs. Catching a calf by the hind legs is called, in cowboy parlance, "heeling a calf," and requires long experience in the art of roping. The end of the lariat is tied to the saddle horn, and by this means the calf is brought up to the branding fire, where a lively scrimmage ensues with a couple of husky cowboys while he is "wrestled" or thrown on his side preparatory to the application of the sizzling iron. This is accompanied by many struggles and much bellowing, but the operation is accomplished

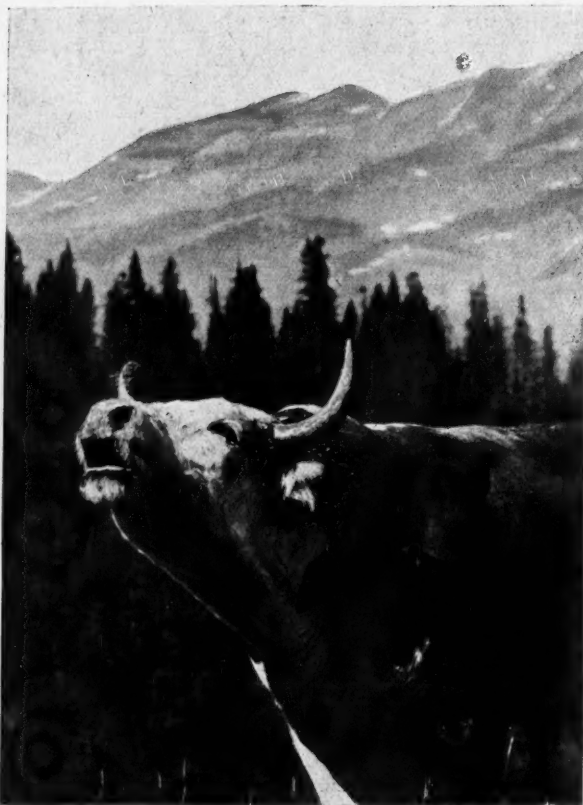


THE SAGEBRUSH COUNTRY.  
Cowboys in a blizzard driving cattle home to feed.

in a few seconds, and the little fellow is soon running back to his mother in the herd. A little drink at the "café de vache" and a few mouthfuls of green grass soon drive away unpleasant memories of burning irons.

The brand that is burned into the hide of a calf when he is but a month or two old is the only means by which the range stockman can lay claim to his cattle. Every cow or steer that is sold at the stockyards must pass the eagle eye of the brand inspector, who determines whether or not the brand on the animal belongs to the man who has shipped it to market. Cattle rustling, or stealing, and "brand burning," as brand changing is called, are still very prevalent in the West, and every year sees many hides sent back to the range company to be used as evidence in attempts to convict cattle thieves. The brand inspector of one of the big livestock markets recently made the statement that more cases of dishonest branding were brought to light during the past year than in any similar period of his quarter of a century experience.

After all the calves in a round-up have been branded the cattle are freed and allowed to roam at will or, in the expressive vernacular of the plains, the herd is "turned loose." Any cattle that belong to ranches from a distance are held by the "reps" and driven back to their home ranges. Holding cattle on the range necessitates "standing guard" throughout the night as well as herding them during the day, and is not looked upon as a very pleasant task. The work is divided into "guards" or watches of two hours each, and every man takes



ONE OF THE RANGE BULLS DISCOURSING HIS MUSIC.

his turn at it, good weather or bad. Moving from one part of the range to another, the outfit thoroughly scours the country until all the calves have been branded, and then returns to the ranch headquarters.

For the next month or six weeks the saddle horses are turned out for a rest, and the cattle remain unmolested to fatten on the succulent range grasses. The cowboys are put reluctantly to "granger" work, as they disgustedly term any form of farm labour, such as ploughing, putting up hay or building irrigation ditches. The cowpuncher has always considered any work connected with farming very much below his dignity and almost on a level with that of herding sheep. Throughout the traditions of the cattlemen the sheep herder has ever been held as "the lowest form of animal life known to science." In the changing, however, of matters pertaining to the range country, the enormous financial returns produced by the "woolly, four-footed locusts" of the West have gained the respect of the cowpuncher. The old saying that "Intellect is the lever with which to move the world, but money is the fulcrum on which it turns," holds true in a modified way even on the plains.

In Montana and Wyoming, about the middle of August or the first of September, the round-up wagon with the remuda and cowboys leaves the ranch for the purpose of gathering the fat beef steers and shipping them to market. The range is "worked" much as it was on the spring round-up, except that all of the beef cattle are held in a herd, day and night, and when a sufficient number have been collected they are driven across country



COWBOYS ROPING THEIR HORSES FOR THE "REMUDA."



THROWING AND BRANDING CALVES IN THE CORRAL.

to the railroad. The handling of a trail-herd of beef cattle requires all the knowledge of years of experience on the range, for a false move here may cost the outfit an entire year's profits. Fat steers are usually wild and take fright on the slightest provocation; the sudden appearance of a jack-rabbit or the half-heard howl of a wolf from some distant butte has set many a beef herd off in a flash on a wild stampede. It is then that the cowpuncher must bring his every resource into action in order to calm them down and keep them from scattering over the range. The trail to the railroad is made in a series of short drives, giving the cattle plenty of time to graze and water, so that they will be in the best of condition when they are loaded on the cars. After the last shipment of beef steers and fat cows, the "old hands" of the outfit return to winter quarters at the home ranch, while the extra cowpunchers who have been working with the "round-up wagon" through the summer are paid off.

The winter work of a cowpuncher is not as strenuous as it is during the warmer months, but, on the other hand, it is much more disagreeable and far less thrilling. Riding the range day after day in the face of driving blizzards is not the popular idea of "punching cows in the West"; but in actuality it is all part of the day's work. Most of the cattle spend the winter on the range, and to those accustomed to seeing livestock in confined areas and housed each night in warm barns the methods of the range cowmen are a constant source of wonderment. It seems well-nigh impossible and contrary to all humane ideas to expect cattle to thrive during the cold winter weather without artificial protection. Of course, in order that any animal shall prosper, both food and shelter are very necessary. On the cattle ranges of the West nature has provided both.

Some time ago a cattle feeder from the farming section of the Middle West arrived in Wyoming during a bad January storm, to buy some steers for fattening on corn. On the ground lay snow to a depth of almost a foot, and the trip out from the railroad was made with considerable difficulty through many deep drifts. At the ranch headquarters horses were saddled, and to the buyer's amazement the party started out toward the mountains covered with a solid blanket of white. When told that the cattle which he had come to see were ranging back on the mountain sides, he could not believe it possible that any cow or steer could live, much less prosper, under such

AN OLD WYOMING RANCH HOUSE.  
Note the trophies and relics from Indian days.

conditions. He was a surprised and wiser man when he saw the white-faced cows burrowing down through the snow with their noses for the sun-cured, strength-giving grasses of the range country. On this feed they thrive throughout the long winter months, seeking their own shelter along protected creek and river bottoms at night and during stormy weather.

The cows that do not stand the rigours of winter so well are brought into the pastures about the ranch and fed on hay.

The work of picking out these thin cows and feeding them at the ranch constitutes the principal duties of the cowpunchers until the coming of spring takes them out once more on the round-up. At times it is a strenuous life, and at other times a life replete with hardships and intense physical discomforts, but withal the life of the cowboy is a healthy one, appealing to the highest instincts of the sportsman and of good fellowship.

CHARLES J. BELDEN.

## WIMBLEDON

WHO was the most talked-of person at Wimbledon during the first week of the Championships? The obvious answer is Mlle. Lenglen, but it is not certain that it is correct. For a lady who proceeds majestically through the three rounds that lead to the "last eight" without losing a game does not provide the drama which a Wimbledon gallery values above lawn tennis. Since she has been champion Mlle. Lenglen has provided everything except the fight which has been promised on her behalf. The wish to see her fully extended has been father to the thought, and in the past we have pushed this lady and that into the Centre Court with the assurance that she is going to win—and we know what has happened to the challenger. This year we secured our candidate early—as early as last autumn, when Miss Wills won the American Championship; and Miss Wills would have been the most talked-of person during the first week but for her failure to reproduce her American form in the ladies' International match which preceded the Championships. When Mrs. Covell beat her in the first match of the series she must have annoyed the promoters. Mrs. Covell was like one of those great actors who undertake a subordinate part at a charity performance and forget themselves to the extent of dominating the play. From the comments, she might, indeed, have been the most famous of all actors—the one who had two lines to say—one in the first and one in the fifth act, and transposed them. His function in the first was to introduce the protagonist with

for much longer, he gave pretty well as good as he got, and came out so much the fresher that the fourth and fifth sets were always, obviously his.

Another name that circulated was Mr. Bayley's, coupled with "Who is he?" He had presumed to put out Mr. Lycett. He did it by his volleying, and Mr. Lycett is no novice himself at a volleying match. On the following day Mr. Bayley—who comes from Australia—came near to being the big noise of the week, and perhaps greatly affecting the course of the championships, for he ran Mr. Washer to the twelfth game of the fifth set, and Mr. Washer was destined later on to beat Mr. Brookes in three sets by driving through him just as if Mr. Brookes were anybody else. There was no mystery about the process, if we allow that it is possible to reach Mr. Brookes' sudden pats—the direction of which is not to be foreseen—and to retain such command of balance as to return them with all the hitting power of a very strong man. Admit that and there is no reason for not admitting also that the ball can be returned high enough to clear the net, low enough to stay in court and straight enough to pass through the gaps that even Brookeses have to leave on either side; it can be done, for many thousands saw Mr. Washer do it. Two days earlier the name most canvassed had been Mr. Brookes. Before his match with Mr. Hunter of America he was mentioned as an interesting survival—an old fellow whose methods it might be interesting to watch for the success that had once attended them. After



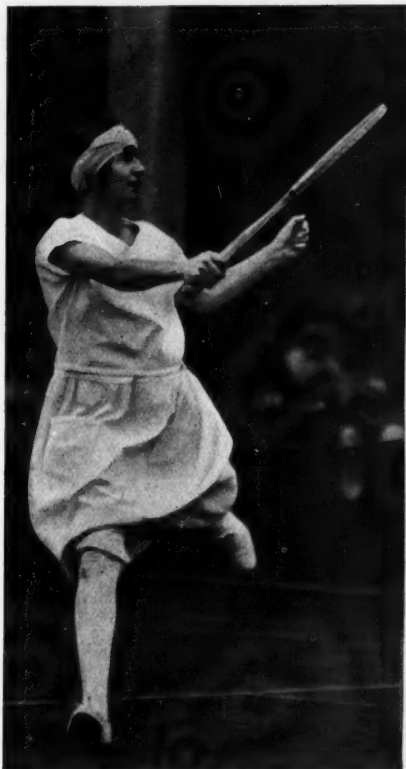
MILLE LENGLEN.



J. BOROTRA OF FRANCE.

"My Lord, The Duke of Buckingham!" Instead, as we all know, he must needs burst in with "My Lord, I have slain the Duke of Buckingham!" and all the thanks he got was, "Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you? Then you've gone and busted up the 'ole show!" Miss McKane also beat Miss Wills in the International match, and it took Miss Wills several easily won victories in the first week to reinstate herself in public favour. On the first day Mr. Willford made his name current by taking the first set from Mr. Borotra, the champion of France, and Mr. Gregory was proclaimed the coming man for making a brave show against Mr. Alonso. Mr. Alonso himself might well have been the name of the meeting, but as early as the second day it fell to him to reveal the improvement made by the young Frenchman M. Lacoste. To judge from his play in the two sets he won, Mr. Alonso can still play his lawn tennis of 1921, when it may well be that there was nothing but a neglected blister between him and the championship. But Mr. Alonso is too much an artist to husband his strength, while M. Lacoste—artist, too, but of the French school—expends just as much effort as suffices to achieve his purpose and no more. This match bore out Commander Hillyard's saying that a hard-fought lawn tennis match is, in strain, the nearest approach to actual fighting in the world of games. M. Lacoste won in the end, as he deserved, "on points"; he took some terrible jolts in the first set, but his *moral* was so little affected that in the long third, when the same punishment was being administered and

that match we were all full of the weakness of the modern game and assigning a third championship to Mr. Brookes without allowing for the strain imposed by five sets with Mr. Hunter on a man almost forty-seven. Mr. Hunter can hit as hard as Mr. Washer, and sometimes he did, or he would not have lasted for five sets. But against him Mr. Brookes, fresh, succeeded in doing, at any rate in three of the sets, what he failed to do against Mr. Washer. It was not so much that he cut off the big drives at the net—though he did that and, what was still more thrilling to see, he countered others with stop half-volleys—but that he kept Mr. Hunter for rallies on end from positions in which he could bring off his devastating strokes. Mr. Hunter usually hits so hard that he establishes an advantage, and with it obtains what passes on the Centre Court for the leisure to steady himself for his next smashing blow. Mr. Brookes constantly had him tucked up, not so much in body, for bodily preparation is automatic with these great Americans, but in mind. Mr. Hunter played at times as if he doubted the efficacy of the big hit, as if he did not know what enormity Mr. Brookes would perpetrate next. For instance, he missed some smashes that, knowing his capacity, one regarded as gift points. It may have been that, coming from Mr. Brookes, he suspected they might conceal a trap; it may have been that, as Mr. Brookes uses nothing so crude as the smash, he wondered what was wrong with smashing, and so had his attention distracted as he hit.



MISS K. MCKANE.



MLLE. LENGLEN.

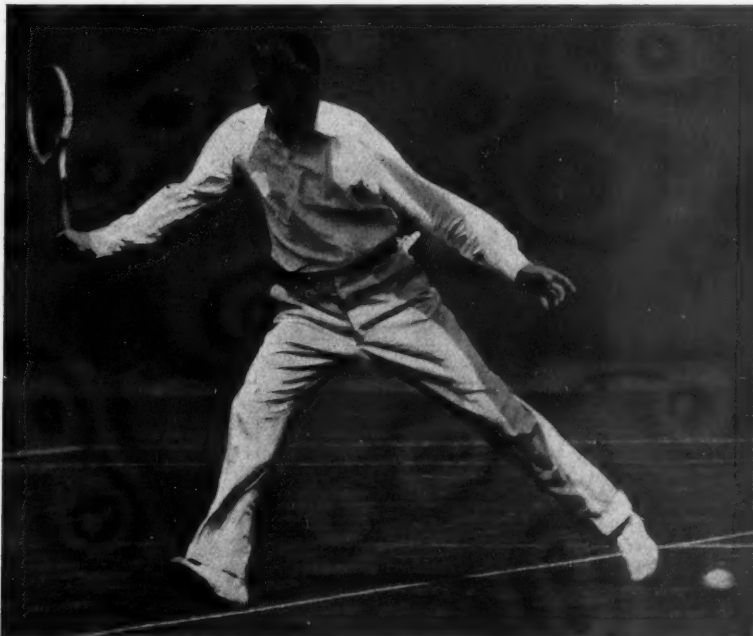


MISS E. COLYER.

## THREE GRACES OF LAWN TENNIS.

Mr. Richards, of course, was discussed, but he progressed too smoothly for the speed of his striking to be widely appreciated. It was a delicate compliment to him that after the match in which he beat Mr. Greig there was said less about him than about the dazzling strokes with which Mr. Greig carried off the one set he won. Mr. Borotra had a similar experience in relation to Mr. Spence, whom he beat with the loss of a set. Mr. Greig showed himself an all-round player entirely free from the reproach levelled a few years ago against British players that they can maintain their form only at a low rate of striking, that they cannot serve, and that they hug the base-line. Both he and Mr. Spence can stand up to pace. Where, at present, they differ from the great Americans is that it is not their natural gait through a long match. Mr. Williams, of course, always filled his galleries when he was playing. But it is difficult to take Mr. Williams more seriously than he appears to take himself. He showed, when playing in a double with Mr. Washburn against M. Lacoste and Mr. Borotra, that if he takes it into his head that it is more entertaining to keep the rally going than to end it at—or before—the first opportunity, the ball will be kept

going by him whatever the other three may be doing. The hard hitting by both players in his match with M. Feret of France came in for notice even on a day on which there was one of those big ladies' matches in which Wimbledon delights, and Miss McKane had done her part by beating Mrs. Mallory of America with the loss of but one game. Mr. Brugnon would have been more talked of than he was had the close-fought match which he just lost to Mr. Raymond not been the third successive five-set match of the day. His delicate wrist-volleying and Mr. Raymond's shoulder-driving were admirable foils to one another. Colonel Kingscote made us recall old feats in a double in which he appeared quite at home again on the Centre Court. We heard a good deal, too, about Miss Colyer on the day she beat Mrs. Beamish—beat her 6—3, 6—4. But before deciding who was the most talked-of person during the first week we must consider the claims of the umpire who, on being hit by a ball from Mr. Brookes, was too modest to regard himself as a fixture of the Centre Court. On the whole, the most talked-of person was the Umpire—who-gave-it-a-let.  
E. E. M.



VINCENT RICHARDS OF AMERICA.



NORMAN BROOKES OF AUSTRALIA.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

# THE MULLINER COLLECTION.—III

## ENGLISH ORMOLU

By H. AVRAY TIPPING.

WHEN Matthew Boulton of Birmingham wanted more water power for his new Soho works he thought of the steam pumps then in use to free mines from water. But he was told that a young man in Glasgow was experimenting on an improved machine. Thus did Watts reach Birmingham, and the firm of Boulton and Watts becoming renowned for their steam engines, the junior partner has become a greater figure in our industrial history than the senior one. Thus Smiles, in his joint history of the two men, says much about Watts and the steam engine and comparatively little about Boulton and ormolu. Yet Matthew Boulton takes precedence, in both date and originality, over Wedgwood, and Soho was at the summit of its world reputation as England's most complete factory of well designed and executed ornamental objects before Etruria was opened. Colonel Mulliner, gathering what information he found in Smiles and other published material, sought to recognise and acquire choice examples of Soho's output and to re-establish Boulton's reputation as the most capable and enlightened manufacturer of his age, the producer of the finest metal work in the Robert Adam style, the employer of Flaxman and other artist craftsmen, the pioneer of English ornaments in European markets, the man whom Wedgwood followed in his struggle to combine large scale production with beauty of form and excellence of craftsmanship. For a few years, and until his receptive mind was turned into other channels, Boulton freed Birmingham from the reproach of producing merely cheap and tawdry fancy goods, and he brought to the town, as visitors to Soho, not only the most cultured Englishmen, but many foreigners of distinction bent on seeing what was most

notable in England. This has been much forgotten. The continuance of the great ceramic industry and the survival and publication of Wedgwood's letters have kept Etruria and its famous wares fresh in our memory. But we have needed the association with the name Watts to bring to our recollection that there ever was a man called Matthew Boulton; and virtuosi, amateur and professional, did not recognise even his finest products, but labelled them French. To estimate him at his proper worth, to appreciate the reputation in which he was held in the earlier half of George III's reign material fortunately exists. But it has never been diligently collected and studied. A few years ago, however, his descendants sent a quantity of his surviving papers to the Assay Office in Birmingham—silver plate having been one of his important products—and Mr. Westwood, the Assay Master, very kindly sent me copies of such letters as he came across that had reference to ormolu. Thus we can get a little closer to him and his art activities than we could from the ten pages that Smiles devotes to this subject and from the occasional references in Wedgwood's correspondence.

His father was one of the many "toy makers" producing the usual Birmingham "buttons, watchchains and trinkets," and satisfied to go on on the old lines. Not so young Matthew, who was born in 1728 and, we are told, began improvements in his father's factory when he was seventeen. By the time he was thirty he had developed his business to such an extent that he had means and intelligence to enable him to acquire a large area of land at Soho, near the town, and there erect the best designed, organised and equipped works in the country, which he opened in 1762. He had found metal-working at a low

ebb in England, and all fine goods being imported from France. How keen English society was for both the life and the products of Paris we discern from the letters of George Selwyn's friends, who loaded him with commissions during his frequent visits to that civilised centre. Under the *ancien régime* of France, as under the old order in Japan, the sovereign and the great men could employ the premier craftsmen of their country to produce single and exceptional articles with little reference to the time taken and, therefore, to the cost incurred. But in the industrial ranks below such metal designers and workers as Duplessis, Martincourt and Gouthière were very capable craftsmen employed in less ambitious and more repetitive work. It was their products which Boulton sought to surpass in quality, while his unequalled machinery and his organisation of skilled handworkers enabled him to compete successfully with France not merely at home, but abroad. Thus, as Smiles tells us, "A large business was shortly established with many of the principal towns and cities of Europe." The fashion of using chased metal as mounts to china, marble, onyx and other minerals taking the form of clocks, candelabra and vases was at its height, and in 1768 we find Wedgwood (who a year earlier had met Boulton and found him "very ingenious, Philosophical & Agreeable") on a visit to Soho and writing thence to his partner, Bentley:

Mr. Boulton tells me I sh<sup>d</sup> be surprised to know w<sup>t</sup> a trade has lately been made out of Vases at Paris. The Artists have even come over to London, picked up all the old whimsical ugly things they could meet with, carried them to Paris where they have mounted and ornamented them with metal, & sold them to the Virtuosi of every Nation, & Particularly to Millords d'Anglise, for the greatest rarities, & if you remember we saw many such things at L<sup>d</sup> Bolingbroke which he bro<sup>d</sup> over with him from France. Of this sort I have seen two or three old China bowles, for want of better things, stuck rim to rim which have had no bad effect but look whimsical



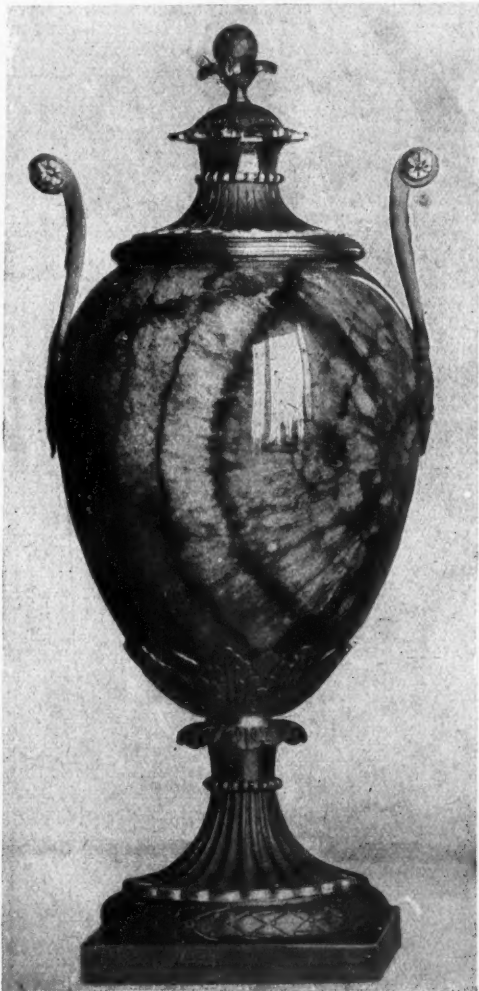
1.—A CANDELABRUM (ONE OF A PAIR).

The oviform body is of blue-john and is half covered with pierced ormolu. By lifting off the side branches it becomes a vase. By reversing the cover it becomes a three-candle piece. Height 14ins. Circa 1770.

& droll enough. This alone (the combination of Clay and Metals) is a field, to the farther end of which we shall never be able to travel.

But both these men proposed to travel a long way towards it hand in hand, and there are letters, during the few following years, passing between Boulton and Wedgwood as to special vases and shapes of the latter's ware to be made to accord with Soho designs of mounts. On the whole, however, Boulton preferred marbles to ceramics for this purpose, and most especially Derbyshire fluor spar. Thus, in December, 1768, we find him writing as follows to "Mr. John Whitehurst of Derby":

The principle intention of this Letter is to tell you that I have found a use for Blew John wch. will consume some quantity of it I mean that sort wch. is proper for turning into Vases I therefore should esteem it as a singular favr. if you would enquire wether the Mine of it has lately been let or when it is to be lett again for I wish to take for a Year & if you find that it is not possible to come at it please to learn how I can come at any of y<sup>e</sup> best sort of the produce of it but above all I beg you will be quite secret as to my intentions, and never let M: Boulton & John Blue be nam'd in y<sup>e</sup> same sentence. When you come to Soho I will shew you what I am about. I



2.—A VASE (ONE OF A PAIR) IN BLUE-JOHN, WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS.

The metalwork is chased by hand and water gilt. The covers are reversible as candle sockets. Height 13 ins. Circa 1770.

am inform'd that there is one person at Derby that has it, now if y<sup>e</sup> Mine is not come-atable Qr if I could not be supply upon y<sup>e</sup> same terms as he is but I had rather have y<sup>e</sup> Mine.

It seems certain that he did take the mine for one year and told everyone so—omitting, perhaps, to mention the shortness of his lease—including the owner of "a very rich shop in the market place" at Bath where, three and a half years later, Wedgwood "met with a large assortment of Mr. Boulton's Vases" and then (June 6th, 1772) wrote to Bentley:

The Gent<sup>l</sup> told me a long tale of Mr. Boltons having engaged at severd £1000 expence the only mine in the World of the Radix Amethyst, & that nobody else could have any of that material. I heard him patiently, but afterwards took an opportunity of advising him when we were alone in a corner of his shop, not to tell that story too often as many Gent<sup>l</sup> who came to Bath had been in Derbyshire, seen the mine & knew it to be free & open to all the world, on paying a certain known mine rent to the Land owner.

The Gent<sup>l</sup> star'd, & assur'd me upon his honor that he has not said a word more than Mr. Boulton had assur'd him was true. Well done Bolton says I inwardly. I told the Gent<sup>l</sup> Mr. Bolton might possibly have engaged them lately as I had not been in that country since last Summer. . . . Nay says he 'tis three years since he told me this story.

Boulton's letter, now for the first time printed, shows that he no doubt spoke the exact truth in 1769, although he no longer held the mine when



3.—AN ESSENCE VASE OR CASSOLET. One of two having identical mounts, but the body of one is of alabaster and of the other of blue-john. The base rests on sphinxes set on a plinth with pierced and chased metal panels. Height 12½ ins. Circa 1770.



4.—AN ESSENCE VASE OF BLUE-JOHN, MOUNTED IN ORMOLU. Circa 1780.

Wedgwood was there in 1771. But by that date there was much more rivalry than association between the Boulton and Wedgwood firms, and the latter enjoyed being a little spiteful about the former. He hears, even in 1769, that the Soho partners are thinking of starting their own ceramic works, or of combining with Chelsea, or of taking some other means of supplying themselves with china vases for mounting independently of Etruria. They had talked "in the style & manner of Rivals to us, big in their own conceits, with some mightily blow their uplifted hands were prepared to let fall upon us." The "blow" did not fall, because, although Soho did not give up mounting china vases, it did not develop or largely rely on that combination, and there is no example of it in the Mulliner collection, but only of mounted blue-john vases. A pair of these (Fig. 2) have oviform bodies standing on ormolu bases flanked with ormolu handles and topped with covers that are reversible and become candle sockets. Another oviform pair, with much more elaborate ormolu mounts, are convertible into candelabra by fitting in candle branches with twisted stems, and reversing the cover to form a third candle socket (Fig. 1). The other pieces Colonel Mulliner in his book calls pastille burners or cassolets. But Boulton's name for them appears always to be essence pots or vases, for I find in lists of his goods such items as "Kentish Essence potts stone Bodies lined @ 70s," "Griffin Or Moulou Essence Vase" and "Venus Essence Vase" at £7 15s. 6d. and £15 15s. respectively. The French terms are *Brûle Parfum* and *Cassolette*, the latter word appearing in an English dictionary of 1726 date, where it is defined as "a small Vessel us'd in the Burning of Pastils or other odours." The finest examples in the Mulliner collection stand over a foot in height (Fig. 3). There are two, identical as regards the ormolu work, but the body of one is blue-john and of the other alabaster—both Derbyshire products. They were not intended as a pair, but will have been two out of a considerable number made of the same design, and sold, perhaps, in some numbers at the sales at Messrs. Christie, which were one of Boulton's favourite ways of disposing of such goods. As to the first one, held in 1770 or earlier, Boulton writes from London to Soho enclosing a "Preamble" which he "proposes to put to y<sup>e</sup> Catalogue of y<sup>e</sup> Vases he proposes to sell by Auction." He admits the word "Auction" is "grating to the Ear in y<sup>e</sup> Country" but that—

it conveys quite a different Meaning in Town as that Method is frequently taken to ascertain the Price of Valuable Goods particularly such as display any Marks of Taste or Genius by which Means you are enabled to form a Judgment whether such Goods as you there exhibit coincide with the fashionable Taste.

The "Preamble" itself informed London society that—

Mr. Boulton has bestowed some Attendance & Expence in Order to introduce into this Kingdom the Manufacture of Gilt & chased Metal Vases & other Ornamental Furniture for which Articles Large Sums of Money have for some years past been annually carried into France—From the Trials he has already made he finds no Reason to doubt that if this Manufactory meet with due Encouragement from the Nobility & Gentry of this Kingdom he shall so improve it as to prevent the Importation from France and perhaps even to render it an Article into foreign Countries—He is not afraid of a Comparison even betwixt these his first Essays which he now exhibits and those imported from France.

He, however, warns them at Soho that the greatest care must be shown in turning out well finished goods in order to satisfy "the King & many of the Nobility" who had expressed "their wishes in having such Manufactory establish'd in England."

But alas how can I expect 'em to countenance rubbish from Soho whilst they can promote sound & perfect work from any other quarter? The prejudice that Birmingham hath so justly established against itself makes every fault conspicuous in matters that have ye least pretention to tast or to attract the Notice of our Nobility who are much better judges of good Work than most of our Sohoites.

He evidently had a constant struggle against indifferent workmanship, and appears to have used strong language on the subject,

such as "kicking to the Devil such dam'd rascals as Ashford & other careless Negligents." Yet he had, as Wedgwood remarked late in 1770, "35 Chasers at work, & will have a superb show of Vases for the spring." They will have appeared at his next sale at Christie's, when he made especial efforts to bring together a notable collection and to induce all important people to attend. He writes to J. Christie in March, 1771, that he intends to produce "a larger assortment, much finer modells & better work, as well as infinitely better Gilding than my first essay was." He sends a circular letter to every former and possible future patron, wording it according to the sex and rank of each. Thus the "Duchess Lr" is distinct from "Dukes Lr" and that again from the circular to an ordinary knight or squire, although all the 1,500 to whom letters are sent are admitted to the private view on April 8th and 9th by ticket, so as to avoid their having to rub elbows with "all the dirty journeymen Chasers Silver-smiths &c&c." who are only allowed in with the general public on the 10th and 11th, the auction following on the 12th and 13th. He had told Christie that he "would not submit" to his things going "much under their Value," as he knew where to "send without loss" what remained unsold. Of such we get a list in May and find that most were to be consigned to Amsterdam. Already, in 1769, he had established his reputation in France, and he writes out in January of that year to his agent:

I am now busy in making such sorts of Vases as I am sure You will be able to find a Sale for at Paris they being such as cant be made there.

Catherine of Russia became an important client, and her Court followed suit, so that in 1776 Wedgwood reports the following conversation with Boulton:

He told me they had now very great interest at the Russian Court, Mr Boulton having paid the Empress many compliments, both in Sculpture & Painting, was noticed by her, & they were going now to send over a Genteel young Man, of a very pleasing address & polite Education, constantly to attend the Court, & introduce their fine things, take orders &c. &c, & they hoped to supplant the French, as well in the Plate as Gilt business both of which are very considerable.

As the offer to share the genteel young man's services was then made, it may have been through him that Etruria obtained the order for the famous dessert set, painted with views of England, that survives, or did survive up to the date of the Russian Revolution. Meanwhile Boulton was supplying clocks and vases to the King and Queen and the Princess of Wales. His reputation with English virtuosi, and especially with Robert Adam's clients, such as the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Shelburne, had become well established, and the Christie sales were fully attended. More room was wanted for the 1772 sale than for that of the previous year, and a copy of the circular announcing one as late as 1778 survives.

By that date, however, Matthew Boulton's zeal for high quality ormolu had cooled. He appears to have ceased battling with the "careless Negligents," and, although the output in this department may have continued large, the finish gradually became less and less good. Watts came to Soho in 1774. Two years later the first Soho steam engine was completed, and Boulton promised Watts that this branch of the business should have his full attention. Silver and plated ware, medals and coins were, perhaps, the next most important products of Soho during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. But that new designs, well finished, still, for a while, occupied the ormolu hands seems likely from certain objects in the Mulliner collection. Those already mentioned were probably quite correctly assigned by Colonel Mulliner to 1770 or thereabouts. But two other "Essence Vases" he sets down as later by a decade. They (Figs. 4 and 5) have oviform bodies of blue-john, and the ormolu mounts are of great elegance and in the style reached by Robert Adam in the second half of his career in London. To what extent his designs for metalwork, such as clocks, candelabra, vases, furniture and door mounts, were carried out at Soho does not appear, but is worth careful investigation.



5.—AN ESSENCE VASE.

One of a pair; vase and pedestal both of blue-john, with very fine ormolu mounts. Height 11 ins. Circa 1880.

Besides the furniture, silver plate and ormolu which have been considered in these articles, Colonel Mulliner's collection included choice examples of tapestry and needlework, of glass and enamels, of bookbindings and medals—all illustrative of the period covered by his "Decorative Arts in England, 1660-1780." In that admirably produced volume all will be found

clearly but succinctly described, and illustrated in excellent manner. Originally intended only for private circulation, it is now offered to the public by Messrs. Batsford, and should certainly find a place on the bookshelves of all who are interested in our arts and crafts under Stuarts and Hanoverians.

## THREE INTERESTING PLANTS

*These notes describe three interesting plants grown at Kew. At all times of the year people, by examining plants in detail at Kew, can discover what would be useful additions to their own gardens.*

### CORNUS CONTROVERSA.

**T**HIS large-growing shrub or small tree is a distinct and striking Eastern dogwood when in flower during June. It appears to have been first introduced about forty years ago under the name of *C. brachypoda*, and plants from the Continent came to us as *C. macrophylla*. Both these names properly belong to another Eastern dogwood, which was first introduced from the Himalayas in 1827, and is also a native of China and Japan. The name *C. controversa* was given by Mr. Hemsley in 1909 to end the confusion of names. There is no possible need for confusion, as, though both are deciduous and may ultimately reach a height of 40ft. to 50ft., *C. macrophylla* has alternate leaves and *C. controversa* opposite leaves. Both have creamy white flowers, those of *C. controversa* being the more showy, and are borne in flattish cymes 5ins. to 7ins. or 8ins. across. *C. macrophylla* is about a month later in flowering, with rather smaller rounded corymbs.

By limiting growth to a single stem the subject of this note forms a small tree of formal but elegant habit branching horizontally. The oval leaves are rich bright green above and glaucous beneath. Seeds provide the best means of increase. The only other cornel with alternate leaves is *C. alternifolia*, a native of Eastern North America. Its natural habit is to form an upright growing deciduous bush with several stems, unless limited when in a small state to one stem, and in succeeding years pruned to form a small tree. The creamy white flowers are borne in flattish cymes during the opening days of June. Growing wild as far north as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, it is much hardier than the other two cornels under review. For

Gardens during 1883. These were raised from seeds collected in Manchuria in 1880. *Lonicera Maackii* is also a native of China and Northern Japan. As a garden shrub the form, or variety, introduced by Mr. E. H. Wilson from Western Hupeh in 1907, and named var. *podocarpa*, is much superior to the type. In fact, I should place it among the three best bush honeysuckles for the pleasure grounds and shrubbery borders.



THE EASTERN DOGWOOD (*CORNUS CONTROVERSA*).



*LONICERA MAACKII*, A HARDY CHINESE SPECIES.

northern gardens it is a useful subject for shrubbery borders in open, sunny positions and moist soils.

### *LONICERA MAACKII*.

The first record of this deciduous bush honeysuckle flowering under cultivation is of plants in the St. Petersburg Botanic

As a lawn specimen var. *podocarpa* forms a wide-spreading bush 8ft. to 10ft. or more in height, and, with age, considerably more in diameter. In addition to its freer growth and abundance of blossoms, the subject of the illustration has the ovaries together with the bractlets on a short, stalk-like elongation above the bracts.

The flowering season is late May and early June, when the bushes are covered with blossoms, white at first, changing to primrose yellow with age. There is a further period of beauty and interest in late summer with the branchlets carrying a free crop of rich red currant-like fruits. Seeds, cuttings and layering provide ready means of increase. It is desirable to trench the ground previous to planting to a depth of 1½ft. to 2ft., adding some well decayed manure. After flowering each year, if the bushes are becoming at all thick, cut out some of the oldest twiggy growths, and shorten the ends of the longest stems, if required, to keep the bushes shapely. At the same time, established bushes benefit by the application of a mulching of farmyard manure.

### *CERCIS SILIQUASTRUM*.

Though a well known tree because of the legend that it was the tree upon which Judas hanged himself, *Cercis Siliquastrum* is comparatively little grown in our gardens. Being a native of Southern Europe and the Orient, it is only to be expected that the best Judas trees are found growing in the southern half of Britain and the western counties. The fact that some of our best specimens are growing in the metropolitan area

stamps *Cercis Siliquastrum* as a good town tree. One of the largest is growing in the grounds attached to the Dulwich Picture Gallery, the dimensions being 40ft. high and a stem girth of 8ft. at 3ft. from the ground. Other notable specimens are at Dover House, Roehampton; Charlton House, Blackheath; Fulham Palace; Golders Green, and Waterlow and Battersea Parks.

The trees usually give a bright display of flowers in spring, though I have never seen the branches more closely packed with clusters of the purplish pink pea-like blossoms than they were this spring. The flowers in most seasons open in advance of the leaves, but this year the illustration shows the latter to have been well advanced before the blossoms fell. Following these with thin pea-like pods, together with the pale bluish green heart-shaped leaves, the Judas tree is an object of interest from early spring until the fall of the leaves.

Gerard records the Judas tree in cultivation in 1596. One of the most interesting specimens I can recall is growing on a west wall at Holme Park, Sonning-on-Thames. An old tree, it covers a large area of wall space, and is, or was when I last saw it, as carefully horizontally trained and pruned each year as are pear trees in similar positions. The fact that the tree was given the protection of a wall suggests that it was brought by a former owner from Italy, or a similarly favoured climate, and would not be perfectly hardy in Berkshire.



A SPRAY OF THE JUDAS TREE WHICH FLOURISHES IN URBAN AREAS.

*Cercis Siliquastrum* can be readily purchased from tree and shrub nurseries, and is worthy of much more general culture in small and large gardens. Spring is the best time for planting, even as late as April, when the leaf-buds are just moving. The trees may even be in flower, but we still find it the best time for moving. A. O.

## TWO NEW RHODODENDRON BOOKS

**Rhododendrons and the Various Hybrids: Second Series,** by J. G. Millais. (Longmans, Green, £10 10s. net.)

DURING spring and early summer one need only peep into a public park or large private garden in the south or west of England or of Scotland to realise the importance the genus *rhododendron* now plays in landscape gardening. A search in the same places some fifty years ago would have revealed little more than a few forms of the common *R. ponticum*. Thanks first to the enterprise of British nurserymen, chiefly the firm of Veitch, and more recently to a select band of enthusiasts, a very different state of affairs now exists, and there is such a wide selection of species and hybrids available that not even the smallest garden need be without its rhododendrons. Mr. Millais' first volume, which appeared in 1917, made the general public acquainted with the wealth and beauty of these flowering shrubs. His second series, just issued, brings the subject up to date, and we are glad to find that the volume before us is in every respect a worthy successor to the first. In a rather short but piquant introduction, Mr. Millais comments on the views of those botanists who are called upon to diagnose and classify the great number of new forms which have poured forth from Western China and Tibet through the energy of Mr. George Forrest, Captain Kingdon Ward and the late Mr. Reginald Farrer. Nevertheless, it is entirely due to their combined labours that this handsome volume owes much of its bulk, and one is inclined to ask whether the author himself would not have been open to the same criticisms had the situation been reversed. Mr. Millais has travelled far and wide in his study of the genus, and for this purpose has visited many of the principal gardens in England and Scotland. His observations should be of great value to those who either contemplate the making of a new garden or who wish to improve an old one. He has much advice to give on modern shrub gardening, and gives valuable hints on the selection of suitable kinds for various situations and climatic conditions in Great Britain.

A useful feature of the book, and occupying the greater part of it, is the translation of the botanical descriptions of all new species described since 1917, mainly by the late Professor Sir Isaac Bailey Balfour. These are arranged alphabetically together with the names of the species contained in the first volume, but no new classification is attempted. Chapters that will be read with great interest are the vivid accounts of exploration by the collectors themselves. These are illustrated by many of their own photographs, mostly by Mr. Forrest, and they give a good idea of the beauty and great abundance of species in Yunnan where in many places they completely dominate the landscape. As a result of the researches of these travellers the centre of distribution, previously thought to be the Eastern Himalaya, shifts to Yunnan and Eastern Tibet. In no other genus has such a phenomenal increase in the number of species (about 700 are known) been brought to light in such a short time. How many more are still to come it is difficult to prophesy, but one day soon some experienced and reasonable-minded botanist will have to sit down, sift out and classify the material now available, or the genus will become unmanageable. The so-called "Series" of the late Professor Bailey Balfour will have to be re-examined and more accurately defined, and keys constructed for the naming of the vast number of seedlings now being grown in this country.

The book is copiously illustrated from drawings by Miss Beatrice Parsons, Miss Winifred Walker and Miss Lilian Snelling, and by numerous photographs of plants in their native habitats and under cultivation. One regrets that in some cases Miss Snelling's accurate

and detailed pictures have been considerably clipped where they might have occupied the remainder of the page which is otherwise wasted. Mr. Millais' book, of which only 550 copies have at present been printed, should find a place in the library of every country house with a garden and of every lover of the genus *rhododendron*.

**Rhododendrons for Amateurs,** by E. H. M. Cox. (COUNTRY LIFE, 5s. net.)

ALTHOUGH primarily intended for the amateur, this little book is a most happy combination of scientific and popular information wherein we have failed to find a single dull page. Just as Mr. Millais' more ponderous volumes cater for those among whom are found the members of that exclusive society, the Rhododendron Society, Mr. Cox's pleasing little work will appeal to the needs of the owner of the smaller country house or suburban villa. The cult of *Rhododendron* has already become almost a disease (might we extend our botanical privilege and call it "Rhododendritis"?) with many wealthy men in this country. This book will help to spread it among the masses, and before very long even the humble allotment may have its rhododendron corner. As a Chinese explorer, not so much has been heard of Mr. Cox as of Wilson, Forrest, Kingdon Ward and Farrer, but it is clear that his time in that country has been well spent, and the scientific interest in this wonderful group of garden shrubs is kept well to the fore. The author deals ably, and in simple and clear language, with the probable migration and present distribution of the genus. The spot he selects for his rhododendron Garden of Eden is "that area where Tibet, China, Upper Burma, and Assam meet," which, on account of the wealth of species of this genus alone, would appear to be a veritable flower garden. From this centre he endeavours to trace the wanderings of the progeny of his first hypothetical species (the description of which he wisely leaves to some future investigator), and he follows their adventures and courtships through many lands with climates nearly as bad as that of England in 1924. Owing to the very large number of so-called species now known, and to the fact that they differ very slightly from one another, their intelligent classification is a matter of considerable difficulty. The uninitiated will learn from these pages something about the different "Series" proposed by the late Professor Bailey Balfour. Short popular descriptions of the commoner species in cultivation are given with much valuable advice as to their use in various soils and situations. There are also chapters on the section "Azalea" and on hybrids, with a useful selection of the best kinds. Commenting on the fixity of species in the Himalayas, Mr. Cox (page 5) states that "it is a peculiar fact that no new rhododendron species or natural hybrid has been found in the Himalayas since the days of Sir Joseph Hooker." There have, however, been at least two described, *R. hypenanthum* Balf. f. from the North-west Himalaya (a good segregate from *R. Anthopogon*), and *R. decipiens* Lacaita, very nearly allied to *R. Falconeri*. If the mountains of Nepal were more fully explored, probably a few more species would be added to the Indian flora. Practically nothing has been done in this region since the time of Wallich, for Hooker merely peeped into the eastern part of that country. We have learned very little more about the genus *Rhododendron* in the Himalaya than was known in Hooker's time, and this state of affairs is likely to continue so long as botanical observation and collecting are entrusted to the geologist or zoologist of important expeditions like those to Mount Everest and other places. J. HUTCHINSON.

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD & HIS NOVEL

IF the first of the Campion Reprints is a fair sample of what is to follow, a considerable popularity can be predicted for the series. It is *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, by James Hogg. (A. M. Philpot, 5s.). The author, although a voluminous writer of both prose and verse, is now chiefly known by his poems. His "Bonny Kilmeny" and a few of his Scottish songs have proved themselves permanent parts of the literature of Scotland. James Hogg was as typical a peasant as Burns. The blood of labouring generations was in him, and the most intimate contact with such men as "Christopher North," John Gibson Lockhart, and the other brilliant contributors to "Old Ebony" never made any fundamental difference in his character. It only, to a considerable extent, spoiled his style of writing.

Fortunately for him, Sir Walter Scott was living at the time and happened to meet him in some expedition to Ettrick Forest. Hogg had all the appearance of one of those farm labourers who are set down at once in rural vocabulary as "c'ara'ters." On his first visit to the Scotts' house, Lady Scott, who was poorly, had to lie on a sofa. He took possession of one opposite her, on the ground that what was good manners for the lady of the house was good for him. His clothes reeked of the sheep he had been marketing, thereby creating in her mind a natural anxiety in case her new chintz would have to be replaced. In the pastoral district of the forest he was a shepherd of loose attire, not very clean habits, indeed, with many objectionable features about him, but Sir Walter recognised at once his genius, love of nature, and, what was even more to the point at the time, his keen appreciation of the Border ballads, of which his mother had a store to excite the envy of any other collector. She had written out many of them from hearing. It may be noted as a curious fact, showing how one generation is linked with another, that the present writer knew an old lady, who died during the war at over ninety years of age, whose aunt had a servant who had been in the household of the Hogg, and who related that the same interest in old ballads was maintained late in the nineteenth century. There seemed to be very little change between what went on during the youth of the Ettrick Shepherd, say, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and what goes on in the same grade of society to-day. Scott was great enough to look past all the coarsenesses, roughnesses and general paganism of Hogg and see the genuine talent that lay at the bottom.

Hogg was born with the simplicity of Burns, but he did not receive so much schooling and had not the intellect to make the most of such little learning as came his way. At bottom he was born a simple rustic, and he died a simple rustic, but it is the most difficult thing in the world for the simple in nature to be simple in style. A little learning is never a more dangerous thing than in the case of a writer. It impels to turgidity, over-colour and all the common vices of bad writing which are exemplified in the average bookstall novel of to-day. The greatest simplicity, as a matter of fact, is to be found in the statement of the subtlest and deepest truths. You have it at its perfection in the Revised Version and in the work of only a few of the distinguished writers of English. In the extraordinary book before us Hogg rises to his highest level of prose. He is sincere, unaffected, pointed and strong, yet one has only to compare certain passages in this book with others, say, in the pages of Henry Fielding, to see that he lacks the ultimate grace of good writing. Like the vast majority of Scottish peasants of his age, Hogg was Rabelaisian; no better proof of this is needed than is to be found in the opening pages of *A Justified Sinner*. Scott, with his wholesome humour, could have rendered the scenes in a manner to delight without offence. They are connected with certain marriage customs and festivities shown up in a very original light, the bridegroom being very much "flustered by drinking," and the bride far away from the carousing deeply "engaged with the writings of the Evangelists, and terribly demure." It is a dangerous piece of water over which to steer the ship, and required a pilot as deft as the author of "Don Quixote" to avoid the rocks of coarseness and vulgarity. Hogg's humour will be sufficiently illustrated by the following incident showing the laird's treatment of his rebellious bride:

But the laird regarded none of these testy sayings: he rolled her in a blanket, and bore her triumphantly away to his chamber, taking care to keep a fold or two of the blanket always rather near to her mouth, in case of any outrageous forthcoming of noise.

Indeed, the whole atmosphere of the story is very like that in the history of the notorious murderers Burke and Hare.

Here, again, is the sort of thing that a great writer could suggest, but leave out of the narrative. The description is one such as Emile Zola might have written:

His nose, however, again gushed out blood, a system of defence which seemed as natural to him as that resorted to by the race of stinkards. He then raised himself on his knees and hams, and raising up his ghastly face, while the blood streamed over both ears, he besought his life of his brother, in the most abject whining manner, gaping and blubbering most piteously.

In spite of these defects, the general prose style of the book is the best to which Hogg ever attained, and the picture of manners is vivid and exact, as one who has studied the Scotland of the eighteenth century will be glad to testify. At the same time, it never has the purity and glow of the best of Hogg's poetry. It is not exquisite and refined like "Kilmeny," nor has it the vigour of his best songs, such as "When the Kye Comes Hame." He was the shepherd in "Noctes Ambrosianæ," but the young lions on Blackwood's staff at the time put in many of the pawkiest comments and the wildest sallies. P. A. G.

### SHANDY-GAFF.

"IF you want to sing bass, sing bass; if you want to sing tenor, sing tenor; but don't let us have none of your shandy-gaff!" Thus does an exasperated village choirmaster address his unruly choir in a story related by Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins (*The Kipling Country*, Cecil Palmer, 12s. 6d.). But shandy-gaff is very much what Mr. Hopkins himself supplies in this book. Is it meant for lovers of Sussex? Then the necessity to deal with only such parts of Sussex as can, by hook or by crook, be connected up with Kipling or his work, is limiting and irritating. Is it, on the other hand, for lovers of Kipling? Then Mr. Hopkins, though he does not stop short this side idolatry of his subject, is not well enough equipped for the tasks of judgment and selection which alone can make literary idolatry infectious. "Fire" and "clay" are apparently much of a muchness to him; and, since there is a good deal of the latter about every author (as none knows better than Kipling himself, whose finest poem deals with the subject), he really does his idol something of a disservice. Then, too, although whenever he thinks of Kipling he praises him, he also frequently buries him for pages at a time, while he inserts facts and figures that may be turned up more expeditiously in a guide-book, or displays some indiscriminating enthusiasm in another direction. Even blots upon the landscape seem to please Mr. Hopkins, simply because it is the landscape of Sussex. Thus, for instance, he praises not only Bramber but Bramber's "tea gardens"—those mournful modern excrescences imposed on the beauty of old villages; and thus he can write blithely, "If, after an absence of some three years, you should renew your acquaintance with the delightful stretch of down and cliff country which lies between Newhaven and Rottingdean, you will be astonished to find that, in that brief span of time, a town has sprung into existence, with a spacious hotel on the cliffs, shops and electric light, and, indeed, all the amenities essential to modern life." "Astonished," mark you; nothing more devastating than astonishment for a product of civilisation concerning which it is best, perhaps, that words should fail me. Mr. Hopkins' appreciations are not matched by his ability to express them; he frequently fails to carry us with him. Take his first sentence by way of illustration. "I propose, right loyal and entirely beloved pilgrim and reader, to give in this book the record of my second series of rambles in the downs and villages of Sussex which are expressly mentioned in the writings of Rudyard Kipling and other authors whose minds have been embranched and broadened by the spell of the South Country." To begin with, are we not rushed off our feet by this immediate assumption on the part of Mr. Hopkins that we have given him some pledge of loyalty? And, to go on with, are we not abashed by his outspoken love at first sight for us? Readers, indeed, we are, but not necessarily pilgrims; and then there is the peculiar fatuousness always somehow attaching to the word "rambles," and the startling jolt of the word "embranched," with its vaguely upsetting suggestion of antlered authors roaming the downs. There is, in writing, the adequate word, and there is also what Rossetti called the "stunning" word; but "embranched" is not the first, and it is the second only in a sense other than Rossetti's. Mr. Hopkins is at his best when he tells us of such things as the old Sussex words, the old Sussex songs, the old Sussex stories. Excellent old songs are here given in full, such as the spirited "There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell," with its chorus of whistlers, punctuating the tale of the farmer's wife who was taken to hell, but was quickly returned to her husband because, as Satan remarked,

"I've been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
But I ne'er was tormented till I took your wife!"

And there is the true ballad ring about the not over-familiar

"Oh, when shall we be married,  
My sweet dear Nicholas Wood?"

As for the stories, here is one. "It was Nevill (a Sussex tenant-farmer) who, at a family funeral, when told he was in the wrong carriage, replied: 'Na, na, hem-a-bit (certainly not); the ol' feller in the coffin is the only one here in the wrong carriage.' And how vividly rises the picture of the rural choirman who, growing impatient at a practice of the 'Messiah' that was not going as well as it should, called out: 'Here, Willum, just reach us over that rosin, and I'll show 'em who's the King of Glory!' There is a chuckle in such an old proverb, racy of the Sussex soil, as 'Every time a sheep baas he loses a bite'; and there is a thrill—the thrill of patriotism in all its purity—about the protest of a Sussex bailiff against the use of a motor plough: 'It don't turn the earth not a spit deep—taint no good for the honour of the land.' V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

# HAGEN AND HOYLAKES

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

SEVERAL golfers have, without previous concert, made in my hearing exactly the same remark about Walter Hagen's victory at Hoylake. They have all described him as the bravest golfer in the world. What better epitaph could a golfer ask?

I saw every stroke in his last nine holes, and a more "crowded hour of glorious life" I never hope to see. It was just when he had holed out for a four at the Punchbowl, and so struggled and scrambled out in 41, that we heard and Hagen heard that Whitcombe had finished in 78. That left Hagen a 36 home to win and a 37 to tie. To use an American expression, we all "figured" that he could not quite do it. True it is that by perfect golf a man can start homeward at Hoylake with 4, 3, 4, 3, but even when he has done it—and it takes some doing in a cross-wind—he has those five long, fierce, uncompromising holes to follow. No man can hope to pick up strokes at the Field, the Lake, the Dun, the Royal and the Stand (I love to write down their illustrious names), and almost any man in the world would be pleased if he took no more than two fives and got the other three in fours. Humanly speaking, Hagen could not afford a slip of any kind. He is reported to have said, "I must get home in 36. I've got to hustle." Whether he did say it or not I do not know, but it is just the sort of thing he would say, not boastfully in the least, but cheerfully and hopefully. And hustle he certainly did. At each of the first four homeward holes he made an error more or less serious, and yet between them the four cost him but a single stroke.

At the tenth he was over the green to the right in two, and then 6 yds. past it in three. Here, it seemed, was a stroke gone for certain, and then, bang!—in went the putt. At the Alps he was bunkered and did lose a stroke, getting a four instead of a three and having hard work to get it. At the new Hilbre he played a very bad second indeed, far to the right, and pitched back miraculously stone dead. And then at the short Rushes he was bunkered. "That's done it," said a very famous golfer standing next to me, who is not given to over-statement or, indeed, statement of any kind. Yet Hagen, finding his ball lying well—fortune does favour the brave at golf—pitched out nearly dead and got his three. After that we, who wanted England to win, began to feel that we must "yield to the devil that was in his jerkin." He seemed irresistible, and he was. He made no more bad shots and several magnificent ones, but the best of all, by common consent, was his second to the seventeenth. Professionals are not apt to grow over-enthusiastic, but this stroke carried them all off their feet. The new Royal hole with its deep bunkers eating in on the left of the green and the hard high road on the right, cost many people six in the course of this Championship. It is now almost as formidable as the seventeenth at St. Andrews. Hagen might have played short on to the old green and trusted to his run-up and a single putt, but he went boldly for the pin with a good long iron shot through a cross-wind, when a very little mistake might have ruined him, and he put the ball 3 yds. from the pin. True, he holed a very good putt on the eighteenth to win, but that was nothing as compared with the iron shot to the seventeenth. It was a brave man's shot perfectly played, and it won and deserved to win the Championship.

Whitcombe's effort of coming home in 35 after going out in 43 and, as it appeared, throwing his chance of the Championship to the four winds, was just about as gallant as Hagen's. It is only the fact that one man won and the other just did not win that will make the one spurt live longer than the other in golfing history. Whitcombe earned for himself much glory; so did Taylor, who, till the years broke him down a little at the finish, was the greatest player of them all. Generally speaking, however, I do not think that the golf was quite up to the modern professional standard, which is amazingly high. The wind was never really strong: the greens, though slippery here and there, were never glassy, and it was rather surprising that nobody beat the 300 for four rounds. There were more wild and crooked shots than usual among people who progress, as a rule, with a monotonous, arrow-like straightness from tee to pin. The reason lay, no doubt, in the terribly fierce long grass that lurked at the sides of the fairway and on the edges of the green, waiting for an errant ball. It is a very difficult thing to drive straight when you know that you are going to "get it in the neck" if you do not; and of the competitors in general I think it fair to remark, without any aspersion on them as men of courage, that they were thoroughly frightened of Hoylake.

For a man who was on it, there never was a course in more perfect order; but 6 ins. off it might spell disaster. Taking it all round, I hold it to have been the most severe test of golf—quite legitimately severe, I hasten to interpolate—that I ever saw. It was very long and there was never a single hole at which the player could relax, as, for example, he can at the eighth at St. Andrews, and say to himself, "Well, thank heavens, I can't come to bad grief here." Mr. Colt's new holes came out of their baptism of fire very well. I admit that when I first saw them

I did not like them. I am still conservative enough to breathe a sigh or two over any change at Hoylake, but I think that my original estimate was, as to some holes, unfair. The new twelfth, for instance, which takes the place of the old Hilbre hole, was, with the westerly wind, a very fine one indeed. The new Alps was a thorough success and a most testing one-shot hole. Both of these holes, moreover, have the advantage of giving one a view of the sea and of taking one into the sandhills—a pleasant variation from the typically flat ground of many of the other holes. The Royal I have already alluded to: it is almost too difficult, perhaps, for ordinary frail mortals, but it gives a new thrill to the end of the course. In old days, when one's adversary was dormy two up at Hoylake one was disposed to abandon hope. Now there is no knowing what calamities may overtake the enemy. In fact, the only one of the alterations as to which I remain an obdurate Tory is that of the Dun. I live in hopes of seeing that diagonal line of pot bunkers filled up and the old rectangular, unrelenting trench in front of the green re-opened. Whatever happens, I came away more than ever convinced that Hoylake is one of the very greatest golf courses in the world and, as it is nice and flat, it is pleasant to think that one will be able to play on it till one is a hundred or, at any rate, ninety years old.

## SOME THOUGHTS OF AN OLD HOYLAKIAN

AFTER a very long absence from the links I looked at some of the play in last week's Open Championship. As I watched Walter Hagen play the new "Rushes" in that business-like manner which is so characteristic of the American golfer a vision of the days of old came upon me. I imagined the awful scene which would have been enacted if, at a meeting of the Royal Liverpool in the old hotel club-rooms, a member, garbed, not in a Christian coat, but in a bicycle sweater, had solemnly proposed that the "Rushes" should in future be played not across the rushes and the bunker, but in a *lucus a non lucendo* fashion from somewhere out at sea. Great Heaven! But then it occurred to me that this was mere foolishness. The wretched being would never have got past the hall porter without a coat. So I will clothe him in scarlet and admit him to the meeting. And now, in response to the chairman's perfunctory "Any other business?" our rash one clears his throat nervously and stammers out his heresy to the effect that the "Hilbre" should be torn away from its beloved little pit (that strong-box of "Silvertowns") and be thrust rudely up into the scrubby hinterland, and that the "Rushes"—the vandal pauses, scarcely able to proceed—should be played the reverse way! A dreadful silence follows the blasphemy! Dear old "Tosper" gasps for breath and claret. . . . Then there is a rush for the niblicks. . . . I pictured, too, most sorrowfully the helpless grief and rage with which some of the Old Guard in the Shades must have received the shocking news that the "Dun" bunker had ceased to exist. The "Dun" bunker! One can almost now feel the beastly drizzle of that nerve-racking afternoon in 1894, when that self-same hazard "made the Championship safe" for Hoylake. It is an oft-told tale, how "Johnnie" (old John still flew his flag and "denged it" at the hotel) carried that bunker with his mighty second (gutter days, remember!) against the dour, but gloriously doughty, "Mure." "Johnnie" played that historic shot wearing a stiff, stand-up collar with slightly down-turned points. Mure Fergusson exhibited, for our provincial wonderment, the first curious ancestor of the modern double collar. Thirty years ago! But at least I once more saw "John" (as he is now) far less dejected in appearance than of yore, despite the fact that no longer does every Hoylake man, woman, child and dog seethe behind his every shot. There is, of course, nothing particularly soul-shaking about the evolution which has taken place in the collar; but nobody in the 'nineties ever thought they would see B.A.'s Oxon and their brothers Cantab golfing in sweaters. All know the legend of the deadly feud between an old Hoylake member and his greatest crony who, on a broiling day in August, took his coat off somewhere about the "Dowie" and completed a subsequently silent round in his shirt-sleeves. They never spoke to one another again. It gave one quite a sharp pang to see a grey-haired Harry Vardon coming up to the new (and rather too severe) seventeenth in a "qualifying" round. What a lovely pitch he played, too! But gone were the thousands who in days of old always watched the great Olympian. Five souls followed in his wake! I wondered if the present generation of golfers realise the immense debt which the game owes to him, to James Braid, and to that evergreen and amiable "tiger," J. H. Taylor. The great trio, aided by Sandy Herd, gave the "Open" itself a *cachet* which it certainly did not possess before their great exploits began to ring through the world of golf. Long may they live! E. S.

# WINNERS AT OLYMPIA



PACIFICATEUR, RIDDEN BY LIEUT. BIZARD (FRANCE), WINNER OF THE RODMAN WANNAMAKER GOLD CHALLENGE CUP.



CADOGAN VICTORY, RIDDEN BY MR. HORACE SMITH, WINNER OF CHAMPION CUP FOR HACKS.



MRS. GEORGE HODGKINSON RIDING HER HUNTER, THE RAJAH, WINNER OF THE TORONTO CUP FOR LADIES' HUNTERS.



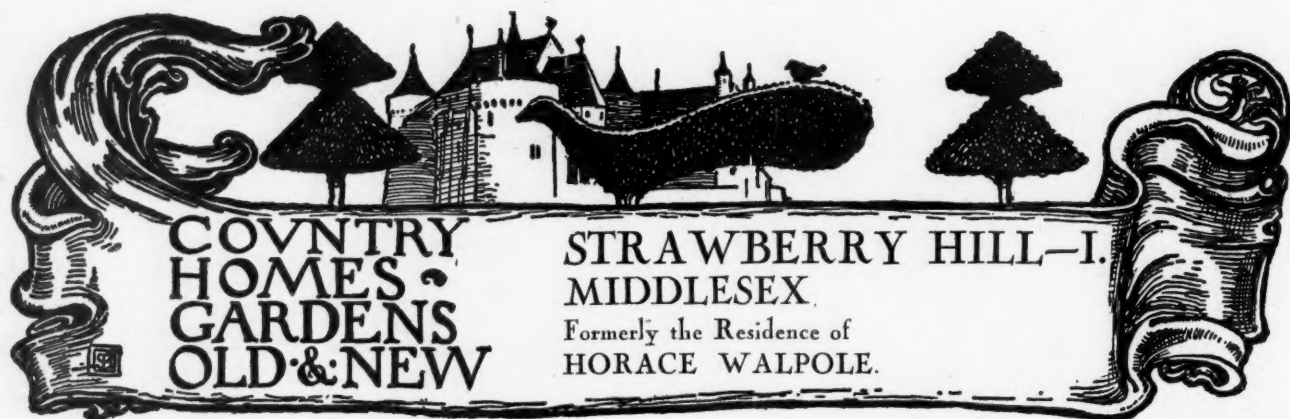
PING PONG, RIDDEN BY MISS JUDIE FORWOOD, WINNER OF THE EPSOM TROPHY FOR THE BEST CHILDREN'S RIDING PONY.



W. A. Rouch.  
CAPT. E. B. DE FONBLANQUE ON WAR BABY, WINNER OF THE CANADIAN CUP FOR JUMPING.



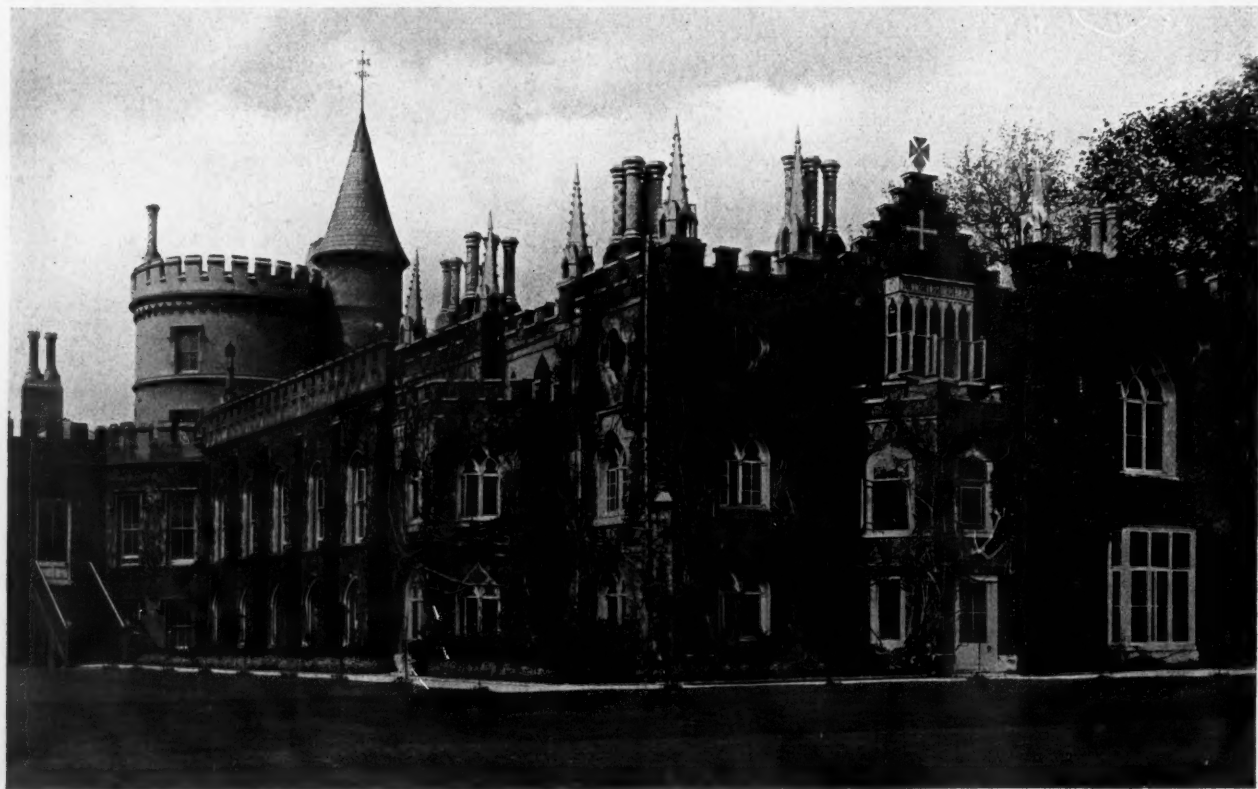
Copyright.  
HUNTER BUNTER, RIDDEN BY MR. GEORGE SADLER, CHAMPION IN THE HIGH JUMP.



**A**LTHOUGH, to the Palladian school of architecture which prevailed in England after the Restoration of 1660, any lapse towards mediæval sentiment or form was sheer barbarism, and a Gothic cathedral was no more to be classed as architecture than an Indian wigwam, yet feeling for and sympathy with our old native style was never wholly stamped out. Thus Vanbrugh was not deterred by the dominant classicalism of his day from battlementing not only his additions to old Kimbolton, but his own new villa at Blackheath. Batty Langley, most prolific of early eighteenth century architectural book makers, first brought out his "Gothic Architecture Restored and Improved" in 1742, and that was about the time when Sanderson Miller began Gothicising his own house and those of his friends, such as Lord Dacre at Belhus, and also to "improve" their parks with sham castles and other "Gothic" ruins which were deemed "noble objects" by them, but were soon appropriately nicknamed "follies." By 1750 Miller was the "great genius," the admired chief and councillor of a band that professed to have the secret of "True Gothick." But an opposition to them had grown up, composed of the Walpole-Chute-Bentley trio, who thought rather poorly of the others, while fully convinced of the completeness of their attainments as interpreters of the taste. Horace Walpole's activity as a man in society and as a letter writer made him an admirable propagandist, and he and his Strawberry Hill villa alone have remained in the limelight as the *fons et origo* of the Gothic revival. It was not until 1749 that the little place, which he had bought by Thames' side and had begun to enlarge, is mentioned as a "Castle," and from then forward for thirty and more years he and his friends revelled there in mediæval mimicry.

Of exactly how and when he did this we now have details beyond what he himself gave as in his "Description" of Strawberry Hill, the definitive edition of which was printed in 1784. His "Castle" was his most absorbing interest, and he was meticulous about setting down all his doings there in writing. He kept an account of what he spent over it down to the last farthing. The vellum-bound pocket-book in which all this was periodically entered has survived, and, having been handed to Mr. Paget Toynbee by the owner, the former, preparatory to the publication of the whole with notes, gave the substance of it in two communications to the *Times* early this year. Supplementing the "Description" and the pocket-book with the various letters Walpole wrote to Horace Mann and other friends as to his acquisition and development of the place, we get a vivid picture of the making of his Twickenham home.

Early in the eighteenth century Twickenham became the favourite parish wherein West-end Londoners could have country houses and gardens, just as Enfield was to City merchants. Here Pope created a villa which, in the early half of the century, attracted as much attention as "Strawberry" did in the latter half. Here Mr. Secretary Johnstone and my Lord Raby improved their residences during the reign of Queen Anne, as we read in the racy letters addressed to the latter—on embassy at Berlin—by his mother, Lady Wentworth. From these letters, of most curious spelling, we learn of the active social life of Twickenham and realise how many members of smart society used domiciles here when they wanted fresh air handy to their London mansions; for their distant country seats were only visited in the late summer and autumn. Among others were the Earl of Bradford and Sir William Humble. The earl does not seem to have thought much of the knight, for, after the

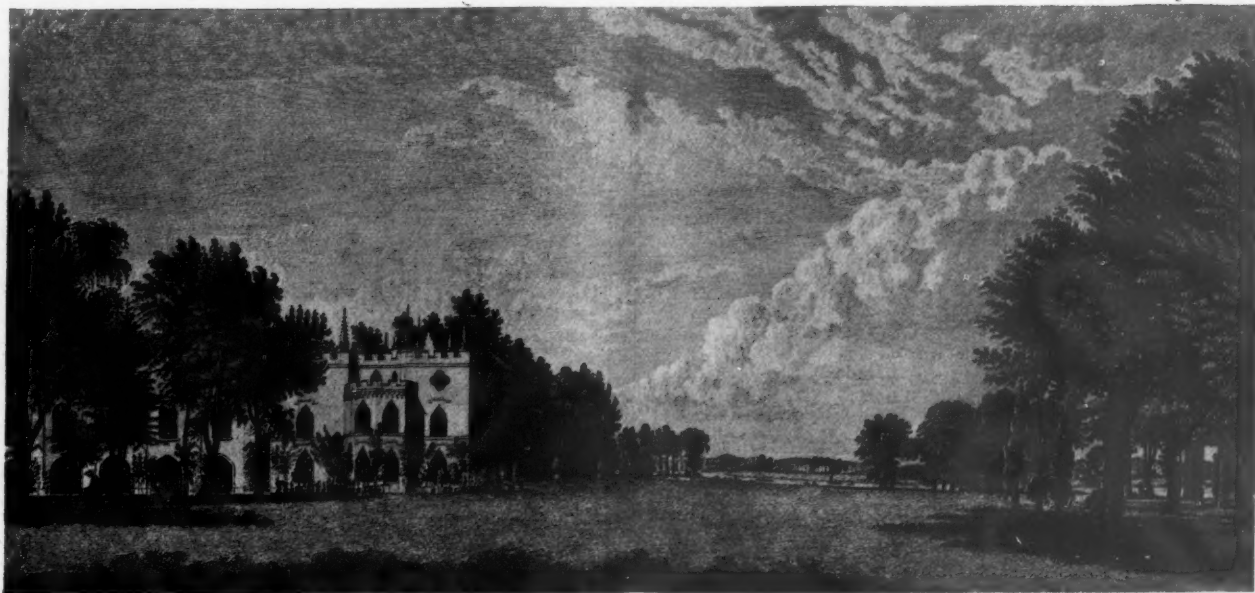




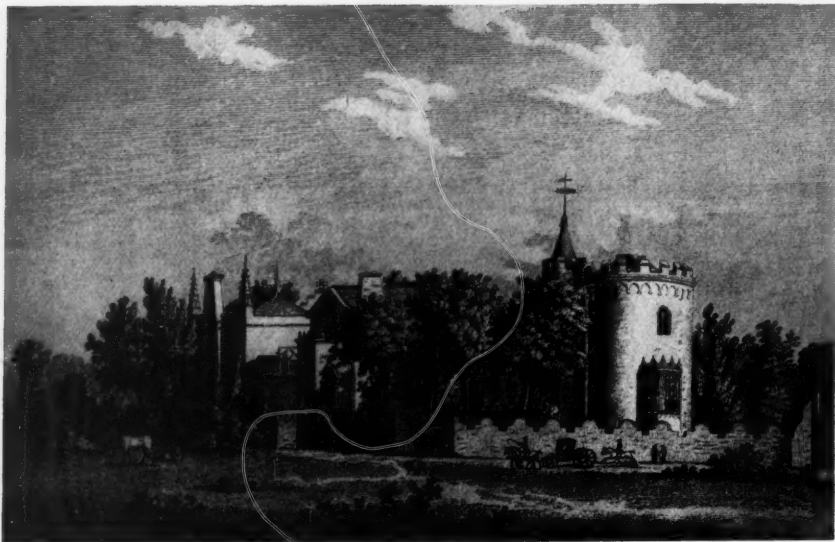
2.—THE SOUTH AND EAST SIDES IN 1784.



3.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE TO-DAY.  
The nineteenth-century additions stretch out south of the round tower.



4.—LOOKING NORTH OVER THE MEADOWS TO THE THAMES IN 1784.



5.—THE NORTH AND WEST SIDES IN 1784.

death and burial of the latter at Twickenham in 1705, Lady Wentworth gives a "strang od story" of the former's behaviour. Attending prayers four days after the funeral, and seeing the escutcheons with the Humble arms still at the reading desk, he—

toar them down and stamp't them under his feet. Lady Humble's Aunt was thear and told him his devotion was great that could put himself into soe unusyell a pation, without any provocation; and Mr. Lastrang told him this was what did not becom a man of his age, honor, and Quallety. My Lord sternly askt him whoe he was, he told him he was a gentle man. Sum say it put him in mynd of death, and that was what vex't him, others say it was sumthing in the arms that offended him, thear being more in them then did belong to Sir Willyam, and others that they should not have hung there soe long.

There is a connection between Lord Bradford and Strawberry Hill, for the first note in the "Description" tells us:

It was built by the earl of Bradford's coachman, and was called by the common people *Chopp'd-Straw-Hall*, they supposing, that by feeding his lord's horfes with chopped straw, he had saved money enough to build his houle.

That was in 1698, and he let it "as a lodging house." Thus Cibber was its tenant when he wrote his play "The Refusal, or the Lady's Philosophy." Although only "a small tenement," such important people as sons of the Dukes of Chandos and of Dorset rented it, and it was Lord John Sackville who was sub-tenant to Mrs. Chenevix when Walpole took the remainder

of her lease in 1747. To Horace Mann he then writes of it as—

A little new farm I have taken just out of Twickenham. The house is so small that I can send it to you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view. This little rural bijou was Mrs. Chenevix's the toy woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is to furnish me with the best rain-water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden china cows, who are to figure like wooden classics in a library; so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the Astraea.

That he dates from Arlington Street on June 5th; but, writing thence again a year later, he says:

I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from "Strawberry Hill," which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house; so pray never call it Twickenham again.

I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England.

Walpole never ceased to expatiate on the beauties of the spot; as seen in one of the plates in the "Description" (Fig. 4), it was a well inhabited, well cultivated scene with placid waters and green fields, devoid of the ruggedness of nature which alarmed the artificial taste of the age until the growing "romantic" school began to boom the picturesque and teach society that, though it might shudder at "horrid crags," it must, nevertheless, occasionally visit such and enjoy the emotions they occasioned. Walpole himself must be classed among the early romantics, but his bent was not towards the romance of natural scenery but of mediævalism such as he and his associates conceived it. Hence the "Gothic taste" which was to dominate the building, decoration and furnishing of Strawberry Hill. Whether such treatment was already contemplated when he first occupied it in 1747 does not appear. But after his purchase of the freehold and of additional acres—making a total of fourteen—in 1748 and 1749, mediævalism has certainly become quite the thing, so that, in a letter written to George Montagu in September, 1749, he is eager for battlements, and as the old Russell house of Cheneys "is now a farm and falling down," he is going to beg of the Duke of Bedford the "beautiful arms of painted glass" which he has seen there in various windows.



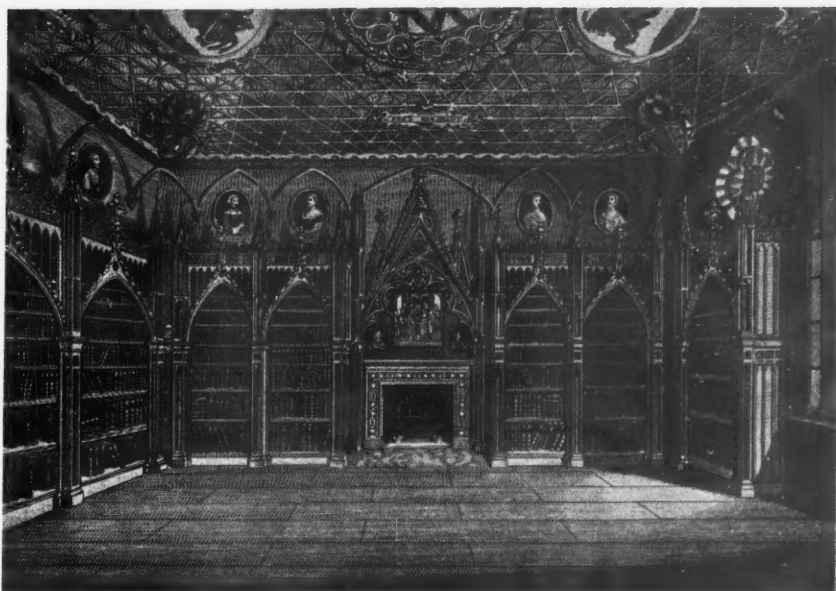
6.—THE STAIRCASE IN 1784.



7.—THE STAIRCASE TO-DAY.

Three months later he informs Mann that he is "going to build a little Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill." "Mr. W. Robinson of the Board of Works" is engaged as architect; but he is an inferior being, sadly ignorant of the new style. Just at the start he is allowed to design the chimneypiece and window of the breakfast-room; but they are "not truly Gothic," and so, when the scheme of "improvements to the house" reaches the extent of merely using the structure as a body to be wholly clothed in toy mediævalism, Robinson's activities are evidently limited to supervising the building operations and to seeing that the designs of others are carried out. Bentley is *facile princeps* as designer of the best Gothic, which could be created "true" by copying the engraved plates in Dugdale's "Warwickshire" and "St. Paul's," or getting hints from tombs in Westminster Abbey. But his attainments did not limit him to one style, and in "The green closet" there hung, among other drawings, "A landscape in Indian ink, with Italian, Chinese and Gothic buildings; by Mr. Bentley, in his best style."

Richard Bentley, youngest son of the famous scholar, was born in 1708, and when he was fifteen he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, his father being then the Master. Following no profession and quitting his fellowship on marriage, he spent a desultory and impecunious existence, mostly in France and Jersey. To that island were addressed Walpole's letters to him in the early days of the Strawberry Hill designing. Distance magnified his qualities to his friend, who names him "The Goth," shows no measure in his admiration of his drawings and designs, and obtains these as well for Strawberry Hill "ornaments" as for illustrating Dodsley's 1753 folio edition of six of Gray's poems. But a few years later the mistake was made of a migration from Jersey to Teddington. This seemed, at first, admirable for joint



8.—THE LIBRARY IN 1784.

designings and Gothic lucubrations; but it was rather close quarters for two men, one of whom had a constant desire to borrow and the other a fixed dislike to lending. Moreover, there might be too much of Mrs. Bentley, who would so often turn up at "Strawberry" just "when people of the first fashion were there." All this led to a rupture in 1761, and true intimacy never returned.

The house, as first purchased, consisted of the low-ceiled, three-storeyed building occupying the south-east corner of the gradually much enlarged habitation. Its transformation went on from 1750 to 1753—much longer than its owner liked, for he writes to Mann from Arlington Street in December, 1752, complaining that he, like most people, would have left town for Christmas "if I could have got my workmen out of Strawberry Hill: but they don't work at all by the scale of my impatience."





10.—HORACE WALPOLE, PAINTED BY ECCARDT.



Copyright. 11.—THOMAS GRAY, PAINTED BY ECCARDT.

"C.L."

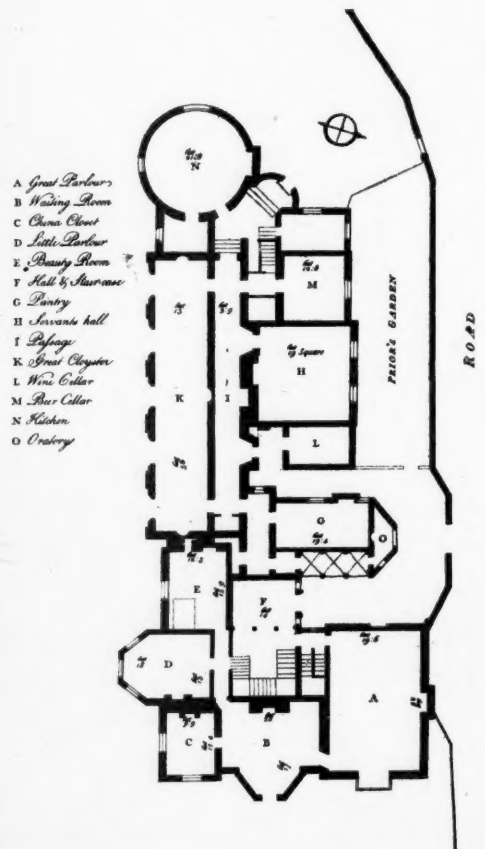
The main entrance was from a road which, after skirting the west enclosing wall, turned eastward towards the river (Fig. 5). You passed through the "great north gate" and down a paved way along one side of which ran a cloister. In the cloister were several objects enumerated in the "Description," among them—

On a pedestal stands the large blue and white china tub in which Mr. Walpole's cat was drowned; on a label of the pedestal is written the first stanza of Mr. Gray's beautiful ode on that occasion:

*'Twas on this lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dy'd  
The azure flow'rs that blow;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclin'd,  
Gaz'd on the lake below.*

When the contents of Strawberry Hill were dispersed in 1842 this great bowl or "tub" was purchased by the then Lord Derby for £42, and the present earl has kindly allowed a photograph of it to be taken for reproduction (Fig. 18).

The paved way led to "the entrance to the house, the narrow front of which was designed



12.—THE GROUND FLOOR IN 1784.

by Richard Bentley." This brought you to "a small gloomy hall" (F on plan, Fig. 12), with saints in its lancet windows and connected by open arches with the staircase (Fig. 7), both being "hung with Gothic paper painted by one Tudor from the screen of Prince Arthur's tomb in the Cathedral of Worcester." It is seen in the engraving in the "Description," (Fig. 6), but has not survived. A very similar one, which still existed at Belhus in 1920, is shown in COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XLVII, page 693. Except in regard to the wallpaper, the Strawberry Hill staircase remains much as Walpole described it to Mann while it was still in hand in March, 1753.

Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase which is so pretty and so small that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter.

The "Description" tells us that: "the balustrade was designed by Mr. Bentley, at every corner is an antelope (one of lord Orford's

supporters) holding a shield." Final payment was not made until the end of February, 1754, when £789 2s. is paid "to Robinson for staircase, new south front & Alterations." But all appears to have been finished before the previous summer, when Walpole writes enthusiastically to Mann that the staircase is "the most particular and chief beauty of the Castle," with its "Gothic fret work paper" and its "lean windows fattened with rich saints." He encloses a drawing by Bentley of the "enchanted little landscape," and gives three pages of general description. The incorrect Robinsonian window has not been repeated, but "true" ones introduced, having a central shaft and arched heads with cusps, as seen in the illustrations of then and now (Figs. 1 and 2). But whether the plain brick battlements with flat coping stones, from which, at the corners, rose wooden finials like toy bell turrets or steeples, were held to be in Bentley's "best style" is uncertain. Seven years later, when the gallery and round tower were designed, a more solid and detailed character of construction was adopted. Walpolian Gothic seems to have advanced somewhat after the connection with Bentley ceased. Walpole's house, however, never was large. It ended, as the plan shows, with the round tower, and a plate representing the north and west sides, enclosed by a wall copied from one at Aston Hall, near Birmingham, is reproduced from the "Description" (Fig. 5). The whole of the large building seen stretching out to the left of the tower in the general picture at the present day (Fig. 3) was added by Lady Waldegrave in about 1760.

The house, in 1753, contained little more than four small, low rooms on each floor. The "little parlour" (D on plan), with access to the garden through a French window correctly Gothicised and set "with pieces of painted glafs," was hung with "gothic paper of stone colour in molaic," and its chimneypiece was "taken from the tomb of Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, in Westminister-abbey." West of it lay the "Yellow Bedchamber or Beauty Room," so called because it contained, with three other portraits—

Nineteen small heads, in oil, of the court of Charles II (except Sachariffa) copied by Jarvis for himself, and bought with his house at Hampton by Mr. Lovibonde, at whose sale these

and the three foregoing were purchased. The chimneypiece, designed by Bentley, is perhaps the most ludicrously puerile failure to understand what Gothic meant of all the Strawberry contraptions, and the plate of it given in the "Description" is reproduced (Fig. 17) to show the sort of design which could gain the approbation of Bentley's admirers. The two downstairs rooms to the east afterwards became the "Waiting Room" and the "China Closet." In the latter a very extensive and interesting collection of ceramics, Oriental and European, Continental and English, had been gathered together before the "Description" took final shape in 1784. A much-prized object—kept in a special little case—was a small cup of "Mr. Place's china," which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is held to be the sole survivor of this make (Fig. 16). Above the waiting-room was the "Breakfast Room," and despite the "not truly Gothic" character of the window, it appears to have been much frequented by Walpole and his early guests, for in his 1753 chronicle of the place to Mann he describes how they sit in this room—

hung with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons, and a thousand plump chairs, couches and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow window commanding the prospect and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro set in deep blue glass.

The limes are seen in the engraving (Fig. 2) producing the desired gloom which we already met on entering the hall and which appears to have been necessary for the production of the desired mediæval emotion. But the accommodation is already found to be too exiguous, and Mann is told how two new rooms, each to be 30ft. by 20ft., are "coming." Chute and Bentley,



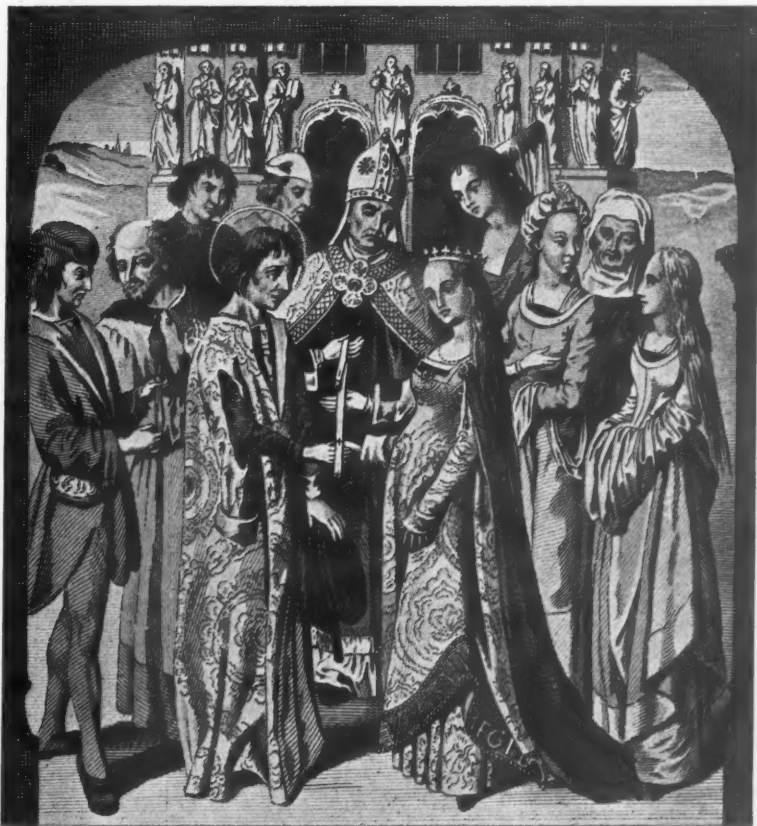
13.—THREE OF WALPOLE'S FRIENDS, PAINTED BY REYNOLDS.

The picture was hung in the refectory and represents Richard Edgcumbe, George Selwyn and Gilly Williams in the library at Strawberry Hill.

who with Walpole constitute the "Strawberry committee" that holds itself supreme in the Gothic taste, are much engaged in this ambitious extension, forming the block set against the north end of the old house, and with its two storeys rather higher than the latter with three. It contained the "Refectory or Great Parlour" on the ground floor with the library above, and their position and floor levels will have been decided upon before the staircase with its "Armoury" approach to the library was contrived. The work is in hand throughout 1754 and cost £1,019 8s. 11d., as appears in the accounts for 1755. The refectory had a "paper in imitation of stucco," a chimney-piece designed by Bentley, and over it a picture thus described:

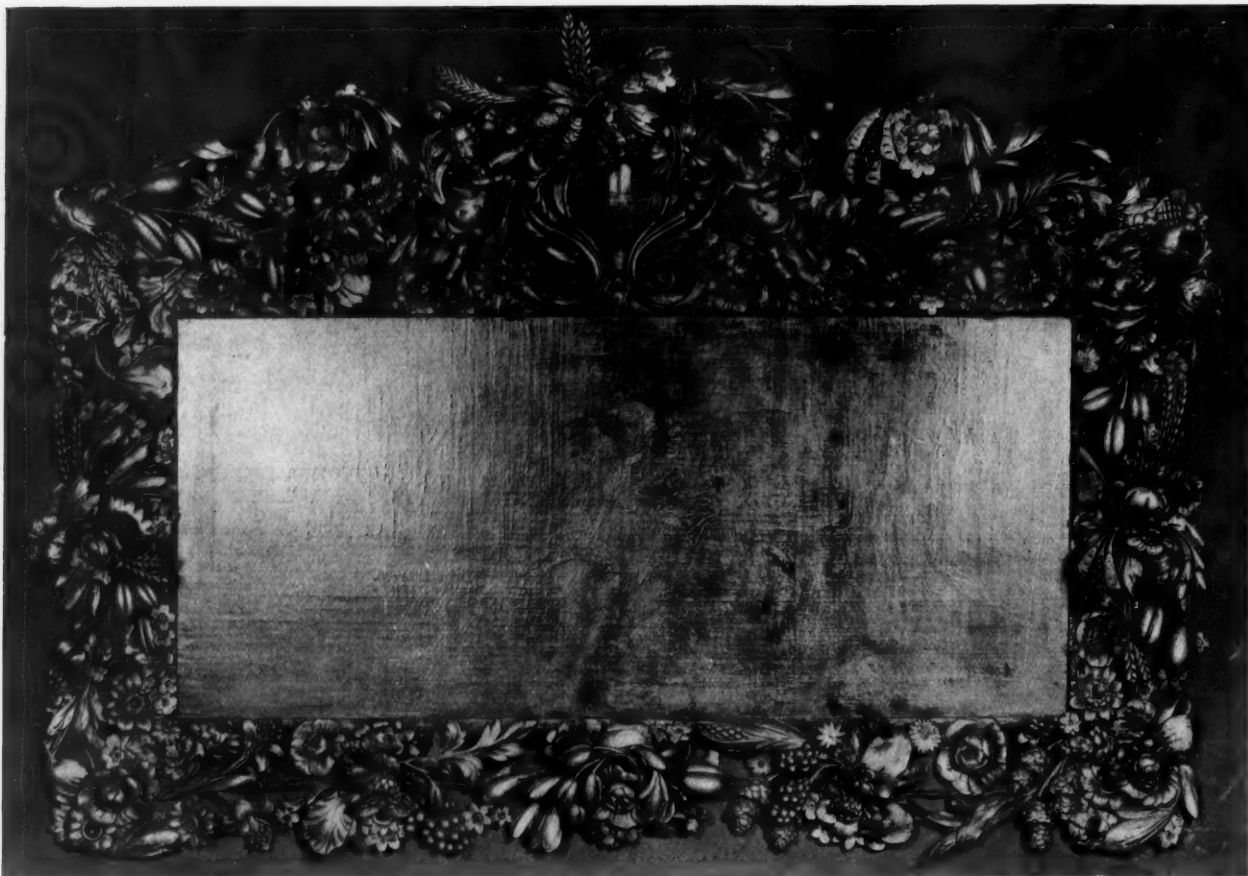
A conversation, by Reynolds, small life: Richard second lord Edgcumbe is drawing at a table in the library at Strawberry-hill; George James Williams is looking over him; George Augustus Selwyn stands on the other side with a book in his hand. Lord Edgcumbe, Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Williams used to be with Mr. Walpole at Christmas and Easter at Strawberry-hill.

It will be observed (Fig. 13) that Reynolds omits to indicate the Gothic bookcases in the library (Fig. 9), to which was given a much fuller mediæval finish than to the refectory. The



14.—THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY VI AND MARGARET OF ANJOU.

The picture may be seen hanging over the chimneypiece in Fig. 8.



Copyright.

## 15.—A FRAME BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It frames portraits of Walpole's father and mother and used to hang in the Blue Bedchamber.

proper atmosphere for this was created by the approach up the stair and across the three-arched recess called the armoury. In the main niche of the staircase wall (Fig. 6) may be seen "the armour of Francis I, King of France, of steel gilt, and covered with bas reliefs in a fine taste." Lance and sword are both there, the latter being attributed to Benvenuto Cellini. In the "Armoury" were other, but more ordinary, suits of armour, and, among other weapons, "Indian" scimitars, swords and lances. Thence an arched doorway admitted you to the precious arcana of the library, thus described by its gratified owner and originator:

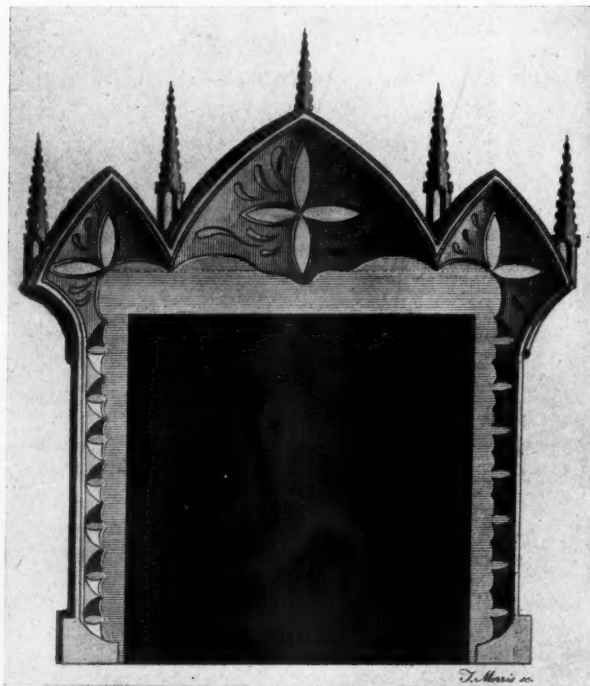
The books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from the side-door cafe to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's. The

doors themselves were designed by Mr. Chute. The chimney-piece is imitated from the tomb of John of Eltham Earl of Cornwall, in Westminster-Abbey: the stone-work from that of Thomas duke of Clarence, at Canterbury. An ancient curfeu, or couvre-feu; from Mr. Gostlings collection. The ceiling was painted by Clermont, from Mr. Walpole's design drawn out by Mr. Bentley. In the middle is the shield of Walpole furrounded with the quarters borne by the family. At each end in a round is a knight on horseback, in the manner of ancient seals; that next to the window bears the arms of Fitz Osbert, the other of Robfart. At the four corners are shields, helmets and mantles; on one shield is a large H, on another a W, femée of crofs crofslets, in imitation of an ancient bearing of the Howards in Blomfield's Norfolk. On another shield is the Saracen's head, the crest of the family, but here the Catherine-wheel is above the cap, not on it; having been so borne by the Robfarts, as appears from the tomb of Lodowic Robfart lord Bourchier,



## 16.—A CUP "OF MR. PLACE'S CHINA."

It was one of the many objects in the China Room.



## 17.—THE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE YELLOW BEDCHAMBER.

It is one of the most absurd of Bentley's "Gothic" designs.

in Westminster-abbey. On the fourth shield is an antelope, one of Lord Orford's supporters with the arms about his neck, resting under a tree, as in old devices. On either side is the motto of the family, *Fari quae sentiat*; and at the ends M.DCC.LIV. the year in which this room was finished, expressed in Gothic letters: the whole on a mosaic ground.

Walpole's zeal for heraldry, as for Gothic, outran his knowledge, and he fancied himself an authority, while he used mantled shields not for arms, but as a mere frame for crests, initials and supporters. Withal, the room was a creation for its day and will have looked much better then than now, for some successor filled in the arches of the chimney-piece and of one of the book-cases with huge sheets of looking-glass in the best Victorian manner, which was often a worse thing than the Bentley style. Originally, as we may see in the plate in the "Description" (Fig. 8), there was placed over the chimney "an ancient and valuable piece, representing the marriage of Henry VI" (Fig. 14). The book-cases were continuous, except where window, chimney and door intervened. How to make them as "Gothic Arches" and yet as superposed shelves was a little puzzling, but the learned and ingenious committee—or the joiner they employed—solved the problem by hinging the arch pieces, which thus swing forward and enable you to get at the end books of the upper shelves! The scheme was evidently much admired by Walpole's imitators, such as Sir Roger Newdigate, who rather closely copied it for his Arbury library built soon after 1778. Over his bookcases, and within arched mouldings, Walpole hung oval portraits of his ancestors and friends, while "the large window and the two rose windows have a great deal of fine painted glass." Of painted glass there were also "several curious pieces" in the room over the breakfast room. It was Walpole's own bed-chamber and was lit by the curious hanging wooden window of seven narrow cusp-headed lights with a sham crow-stepped gable front rising above it, seen in Fig. 1. We read that "the chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Chute and has great grace." Over it hung a view of his seat of The Wyne. On the floor below, and next to the breakfast room, was the green closet, which must have been as closely packed with pictures as was the china closet below it with ceramics. There were oils, water colours and prints. Even if they were mostly of very small size, it is difficult to understand how space was found for the 136 enumerated on the walls of a room 10ft. by 11ft. 9ins. Next to this closet and having the south bay was—

The Blue Bed-Chamber—hung with plain blue paper; a linen bed; eight chintz chairs; a toilette worked by Mrs. Clive; a looking-glass in a tortoise shell frame, ornamented with silver; two blue and white square candlesticks of old Delft ware; an ancient lock to the door, richly wrought of brass and steel; and a cabinet japanned by Lady Walpole.

Its chimney-piece was of Bentley's design, and over it hung a picture of Walpole's father and mother "small whole lengths" in a frame "of black and gold carved by Gibbons." At the



Copyright. 18.—A GREAT ORIENTAL BOWL. "COUNTRY LIFE." It is "the large blue and white tub" that stood in "the Cloister" by the front door. In it was drowned the cat, as sung by Gray.

1842 sale it was bought by Lord Lansdowne for £51 9s. The reproduction (Fig. 15) fails to show the figures, but gives a good idea of the quite typical Gibbons work of the frame. Here, too, were portraits of several of his friends, such as Field-Marshal Conway, to whom so many of his letters are addressed. Here, too, were three small portraits by J. G. Eccardt—who was much employed by Walpole and his family—the attitudes taken from subjects in the "Iconographie" of Van Dyck. They are thus entered in the "Description":

Mr. Thomas Gray; taken from the portrait of a musician, by Vandyck at the Duke of Grafton's.

Mr. Richard Bentley; from Vandyck. He holds in one hand his own design of the figure of Melancholy drawn by him for the edition of Mr. Gray's Odes.

Mr. Horace Walpole; from Vandyck, leaning on the *Ædes Walpoleanæ*: behind him, a view of Strawberry-hill. The frames are of black and gold, carved after those to Lombard's prints from Vandyck, but with emblems peculiar to each person.

What has happened to the Bentley portrait I have not discovered. But the other two are Nos. 988 and 989 in the National Portrait Gallery and are here reproduced (Figs. 10 and 11).

The Red Chamber, beyond the blue one, almost completed the accommodation in 1754, except the offices and the space where Walpole first set up his printing press. But whatever there was here was soon after swept away or altered beyond recognition to make room for the last and most important additions that Horace Walpole undertook.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## A SUMMER DAY

Pale Stars,  
A waning moon,  
The mellow call of birds,  
And soon  
The Dawn,  
With pink tipped fingers  
Resting on the hills.  
In shimmering heat  
Of Noon  
Bees drone,  
Under the trees,  
Patient cattle wait,  
Nor move  
Till sinks the sun,  
And the toiler  
Takes his weary horses home;  
Dim figures  
'Neath a starry height.  
Hushed is the wild birds' song,  
All Nature  
Holds her breath,  
For it is Night.

I. SWEETING.

# THE KENT or ROMNEY MARSH SHEEP

BY ARTHUR FINN, *Chairman of the Council of the Kent or Romney Marsh Sheep Breeders' Association.*



A FLOCK OF SHEARLING RAMS, 1924.

FROM the breeders' view-point the Romney Marsh sheep, perhaps, owes less to artificial improvement than do many British breeds, and it is claimed that this accounts for its extreme hardihood and for its popularity in lands where sheep-breeding as an art is comparatively new. The fixity of type gives a model which can be easily maintained, and in its long history it has conquered all the disabilities of the Marsh climate so that it readily adapts itself to kinder conditions, or the reverse, wherever it may be domiciled.

This breed of sheep has probably the longest traceable history of any in the country. The isolated position of Romney Marsh, separated, as it was in early days, by the vast Kent Wealden Forest from other parts of the country, must have maintained sheep "bred of the soil" pure and untainted from outside strains.

Under hard conditions of flood and storm, fighting for existence against the forces of nature, the Romney found its own salvation, and, by the survival only of the fittest, gained that strong constitution which is one of its principal characteristics to-day. A grazing sheep spreading out and feeding widely and equally over the pastures, it holds its own in adverse circumstances, yet speedily responds and fattens quickly on grass-keep only.

In the old-world corner of Kent where the Romney sheep has its home, and where old manors and old churches have their associations in rent-rolls and records that cannot be gainsaid, we find sheep-breeding an important industry even so far back as the time of the Crusades.

The Church was the largest owner of land in the Marsh, and a record preserved in the Cathedral Library at Canterbury of the manors of Agney and Orgarswick, farmed by the priory of Christchurch for its own use, a vellum roll 4ft. by 7½ins., covering a long period of years, presents:

*The Account of John Fygge, scrivens (Sergeant) of Aghene and Orgarswick from the Feast of St. Michael in the third year of the reign of Edward 1st, to same in the fourth year of the same reign.*

The following are a few extracts from the first year's account, 1275:

For iij. iij. for V lambs from Orgarswick at Easter, price viid. per lamb, and for xd. for shearing C lambs there in the same term.

For iij. iij. for iij lambs' skins (died of pestilence) sold; and for vjs. viij. for xx (Laune ?) skins sold (died of pestilence) price per skin iij. iij.; and for xjd. for xj small sheep skins sold, (died of pestilence after shearing).

The same answereth for iij. for cj. fleeces of sheeps wool sold, price per fleece vjd.; and for xvij. iij. for viij. stone of lambs wool price per stone ijs. ijd."

Among Petty Expenses (minuta):

For sheeps butter Xs. (Sheeps milk was then used for butter and cheese making).

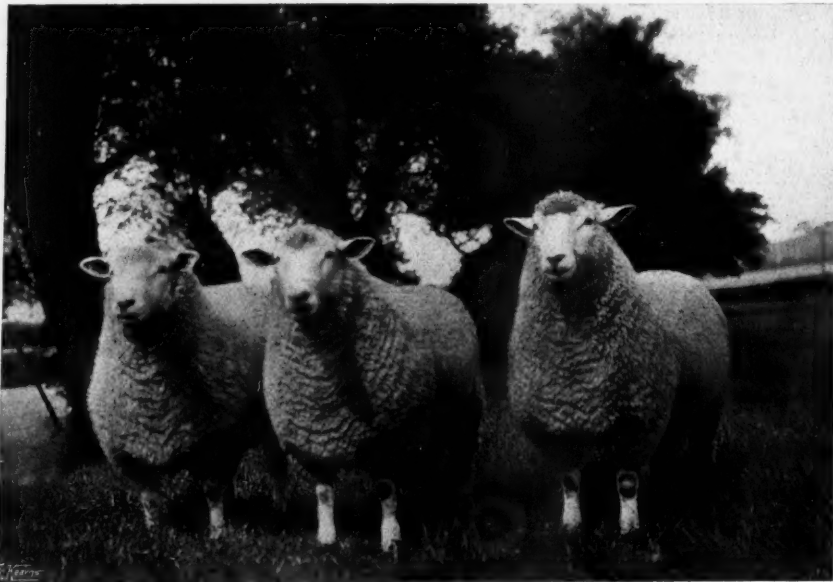
For washing and shearing cccxx sheep s. viid.

Then comes:

The same answereth for xxxs. for iij. weys of cheese of Rewenn [Rewenn, Rowan or "aftermath" grass upon which cows or ewes for milk were grazed] sold; price per wey Xs.; and for xcjs. for butter and milk of Rewenn sold; and vjs. for new milk before the feast of St. George; and for vjLi. xvij. for butter and sour milk sold; and for xij. vjd. for 1 wey and a half of cheese sold. Total X Li. iij. vjd.

Receipts for this year, among other items such as 1 old horse 10/-, a mare (barren and poor) 8/-, 3 bullocks 12/- each, 18 calves at 1/6 each, 25 pigs at 3/- each, 15 capons 3d. each.

4 sheep (multons) and 18 draft ewes at 22d.	£2	0	4
10 wethers drafted because they were poor		12	6
13 lambs poor, at 6d. each	..	..	6 6
Wool sold—6 fleeces at 6d.	..	..	3 0
Wool, lambs, 8 stone at 2/2	..	..	17 4



YOUNG RAMS.



PEN OF THREE SHEARLING EWES, FIRST AND RESERVE CHAMPION AT NEWCASTLE, 1923.

The strength of the flock for this year seems to have been 395 head. The rams, wethers, hoggets, ewes, lambs "over the year" and first lambs have each a separate entry, together with losses by pestilence; while "320 fleeces of sheep's wool with 92 of lambs wool" with weights and prices are duly noted. Prices are also given of corn, flax and cider sold, the total receipts on the farm that year being £76 1s. 6½d. The shepherds, stockmen, cowmen, lamb-keepers, calf-keeper and others are given, in addition to their wages, allowances of corn.

Many wills of inhabitants of Lydd show how important was the sheep industry there. More than fifty of them in the fifteenth century contain legacies such as the following:

In 1480 William Ellis bequeathed 60 ewes.

In 1488, to various legatees, Henry Polton left 8 ewes, 4 lambs, 6 ewes.

In 1479 Richard Reye bequeathed 20 ewes and a mare, 20 ewes, 20 ewes, a cow and a mare.

In 1498 Edmund Hogan bequeathed 20 sheep or 20 shillings, a gelding and 2 swans.

It is generally admitted that the chief improvements in sheep-breeding in England were commenced by Bakewell, and many British breeds claim the foundation of their flocks from his time. We do not consider this was the earliest step in the evolution of the Kent model. Without doubt some of the new Leicesters were brought into Kent, but not probably to any large extent. From Bakewell's time sheepmen generally commenced to be alive to the need of improving their standard.

William Price in his "History of Sheep Grazing in Romney Marsh," published in 1804, gives full credit to Bakewell's influence, but complains of the big coarse sheep of the Marsh still in his day, and advocates the raising of a breed of useful medium-size animals. Again, he wants more kindly qualities and advises measures for securing early maturity.

Price was a surgeon at Appledore and not a sheep breeder, so his pronouncements have not the weight of those of the writer of the "Agricultural Survey of 1796." This compilation, brought out in the early days of the Royal Agricultural Society, voices opinions that cannot be disregarded. The flocks of



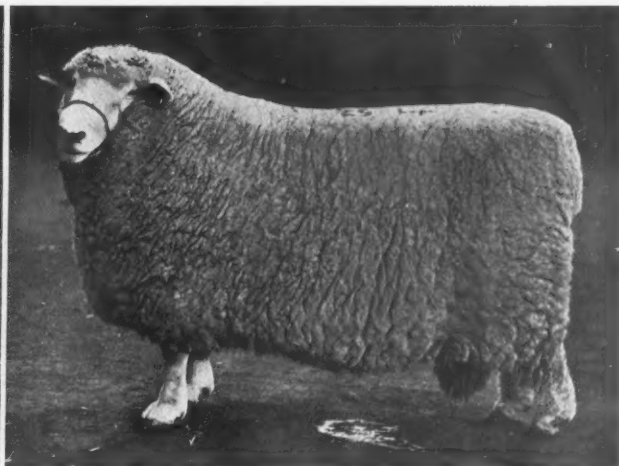
WINNER OF MANY FIRSTS AND CHAMPION AT ASHFORD, 1922.



BEST RAM OTHER THAN A YEARLING, R. C. AT ASHFORD, 1922.



FIRST AND CHAMPION AT R.A.S.E. CAMBRIDGE, 1922, AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS THE SAME YEAR.



FIRST AT ASHFORD, 1921, IN THE CLASS FOR BEST RAM OTHER THAN A YEARLING.

In 1504 William Godfrey *alias* Fermor bequeathed a cow, a mare, a bull calf, a young horse and 26 ewes.

In 1506, together with other legacies, Thos. Holderness left separately, 8 bearing sheep, 12 bearing sheep, 4 ewes and lambs.

In 1508 Stephen Iderykke left 24 ewes and 28 fleeces of wool.

In 1572 the Bailiff, Jurats and Commonalty of the town of Lydd, in return for rights in the common land called the Rype, founded a town flock numbering 392 ewes. A town shepherd was appointed at the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene and gave securities, rendering his accounts annually.

Space cannot here be found for stories of the smuggling of wool to the Continent and other illicit trading which enriched the Graziers of Kent in bygone days. Old wayside inns, where still swing the signs of "The Woolpack," "The Fleece," "The Ewe and Lamb," "The Shepherd and Crook," etc., are significant of the pastoral business of the district. If these could speak we might learn that the breeding and grazing of flocks were not the only subjects of interest discussed by sheepmen within their walls.

Kent, according to this standard, had not only an established reputation at the birth of the nineteenth century, but were already recognised as possessing a long history.

These sheep, "called in the County, *Romney Marsh*, but at Smithfield, where great numbers are sold every week, *Kent Sheep*, are remarkable for arriving at an extraordinary degree of fatness at an early age, and for producing a *large fleece of very long fine wool*. These circumstances combined render this *perhaps the most valuable of any breed of sheep in the Kingdom*." So nearly 130 years ago the breed held the place in the judgment of experts which is claimed for it to-day.

The wool of the *Romney* is a demi-lustre of excellent quality and staple, and is considered one of the best of the British long wools. These sheep in all parts of the world shear a heavy even fleece. In Kent they are washed before shearing, and weights of washed wool under the best conditions are recorded for rams up to and over 20lb., wethers 12lb., ewe and shearlings 10lb. per fleece. On *Romney Marsh* the sheep are thickly grazed, and in good seasons medium quality land will carry five sheep and fattening pastures ten or even more per acre.

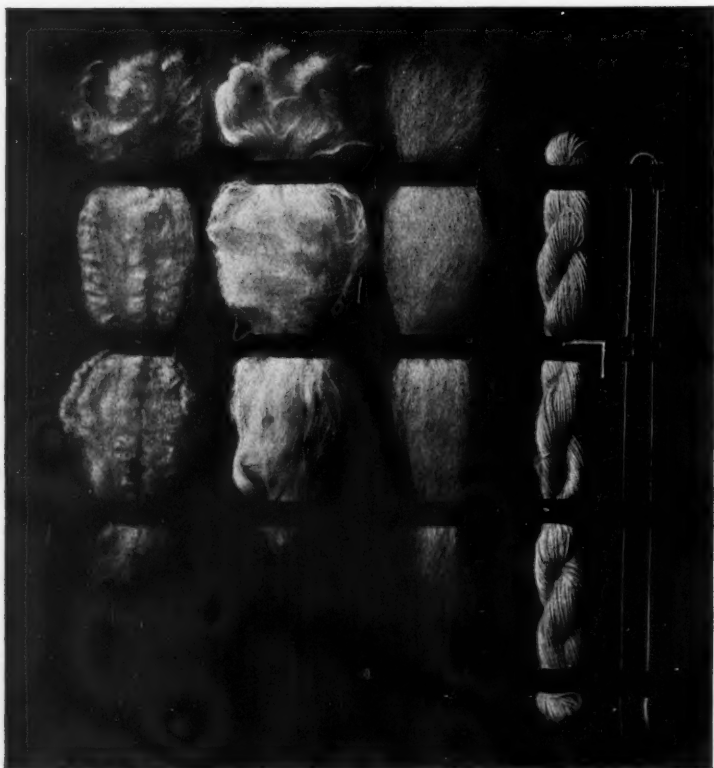
The Romney is particularly noted for its good flesh and although the large wethers make heavy weights they are not wasteful. Fattened on grass only the mutton is recognised to be of very superior quality and flavour, and during the season the southern markets as well as London and other centres are largely supplied with it. With a hard, strong hoof, the Romney is well equipped to withstand foot-rot, and after its long and successful struggle for existence against the strenuous conditions of the Marsh, accommodates itself to all varieties of feed and climate, and will thrive and prosper in every part of the world. The ewes are prolific and good mothers.

The history of the phenomenal success of the Romney abroad and awards in Buenos Ayres and San Francisco in the world expositions of South America and Panama must be emphasised. These prove that overseas champions produce wool of the same exceptional quality as is recognised at home, and the tremendous increase of Kent flocks in new lands is proof of the claims made as to the universal adaptability of the breed. In Patagonia, Chili, the Argentine, the Falkland Islands, and in yet vaster numbers on back-blocks of New Zealand and Australia, these sheep of the Kent Marshes, while proving themselves, are demonstrating afresh in the animal world the grit and virility of their British constitution.

Without any drastic change of model the Romney sheep has benefitted greatly by the adoption of more recent scientific methods of breeding and selection. To retain the original hardihood of their flocks within symmetrical lines has been a first care of the practical and progressive farmers who support the breed. They have striven for early maturity and to produce a dual-purpose sheep, giving special attention to the wool, while aiming to improve the quality of the flesh.

During the earlier part of the last century there are but few records of the efforts made by the Kent breeders to bring the excellency of their sheep to public notice by exhibition, but there were many flockmasters who turned their attention to careful selection, and shows were held at Canterbury, Hythe and Ashford. Rams from the best flocks were let for breeding, and annual ram sales were held at Ashford from or before 1850 which are continued up to the present time.

It should be mentioned that on the eastern side of the county Mr. Richard Goord of Milton next to Sittingbourne, in 1795, bred what he called improved Kents, which were for fifty years held in high repute. Mr. Goord was presented in 1834 with a silver bowl of the value of 200 guineas by 157 subscribers in appreciation of his work. There is no evidence to make us suppose any fresh strain of blood was introduced in Goord's breeding, but his success was due to careful selection and mating.



ROMNEY MARSH WOOL

From left to right: Greasy, scoured, combed top, hank worsted yarn and single worsted yarn.

Flocks are grazing in Kent with histories going back 150 years, owned still by the same families; and breeders kept pedigrees of their stock many years before registration made it compulsory.

The Kent or Romney Marsh Sheep Breeders' Association was incorporated thirty years ago, and the Annual Flock Book is an evidence of the great care taken to secure purity of breeding. It has now 104 flock-owning members.

In 1897 the Association instituted an annual show and sale of registered rams in September at Ashford, Kent, and this has proved an unqualified success. Here both home and export buyers have the opportunity of seeing and purchasing the choicest examples of the breed.

All the champion and other prize-winning sheep at this show have to be offered and sold at the sale.

An annual sale of registered ewes is also now held under the auspices of the Society.

The following are particulars furnished by the secretary of the results of the Association ram sales from 1897:

	Average.			Highest individual price realised.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1897	7	14	0	48	6	0
1898	7	11	1	31	10	0
1899	6	18	1	52	10	0
1900	7	13	1	27	6	0
1901	6	14	0	43	1	0
1902	7	12	8	29	8	0
1903	8	5	9	26	15	0
1904	10	13	7	32	11	0
1905	12	0	9	58	16	0
1906	12	5	8	126	0	0
1907	12	17	0	157	10	0
1908	11	14	5	136	10	0
1909	10	1	9	105	guineas.	
1910	13	1	10	170	guineas.	
1911	9	3	0	80	guineas.	
1912	11	3	5	170	guineas.	
1913	16	8	2	150	guineas.	
1914	11	0	9	150	guineas.	
1915	16	18	0	150	guineas.	
1916	23	0	2	220	guineas.	
1917	31	16	7	300	guineas.	
1918	66	3	11	1,000	guineas.	
1919	32	13	1	800	guineas.	
1920	No Show and Sale owing to foot and mouth disease.					
1921	21	16	11	200	guineas.	
1922	15	2	3	130	guineas.	
1923	17	9	0	140	guineas.	

At the 1918 Ashford Show and Sale the Champion Yearling Ram sold for 1,000 guineas and was resold in the Argentine for £1,600.

The export business has become very important since the formation of the Association. All sheep sent abroad have to be accompanied by an export certificate giving full individual pedigree. The number of sheep exported since the Association has been formed up to the present year is 8,949 rams, 3,475 ewes, a total of no fewer than 12,424 head.

At all leading shows the breed is well represented. At the Royal Show the entries of Romney sheep are now usually the largest of any long-wool variety. A record was in 1911 at Derby, when this breed made ninety-five entries from fourteen different flocks, with a total of 223 sheep shown. Naturally, the Kent County Show is the most representative, while at the Autumn Ram Show we have assembled all the best of the year.

At Smithfield, exhibits of high merit may always be seen, and in the carcass competitions both the pure Kent and the Kent and Southdown cross have gained many awards. Great interest is taken in the class at the Annual Ashford Show for the best woolled ram, for which a champion challenge cup and other prizes are awarded.

A ewe flock competition is held each year in November, which is keenly contested. Members are required to enter every ewe in their breeding flocks. Cups and prizes are given in four classes, Class 1 being for 500 ewes or over. A champion cup is awarded to the best flock of the year.

The interest and care given to breeding and selection in recent years has now resulted in a remarkable improvement in uniformity of type compared with former days.

In conclusion, it is safe to say that Romney sheep now hold in the world markets the same high place which the eighteenth century Romney did at Smithfield, and merit the pronouncement which was made in the *Agricultural Survey* of 1796, "Combined circumstances render this perhaps the most valuable of any breed in the kingdom."

## MALLORY AS HE WILL BE REMEMBERED

THE Master of Christ's, who was a friend of George Herbert Leigh-Mallory from the time when he came up as a Freshman from Winchester, writes:

The great outside world knows Leigh-Mallory as one of the most scientific, most skilled and most intrepid of alpine climbers. His courage and his caution were equally great. He was a fine leader of men, and his unconquerable sincerity and serenity placed him very high among all who had led expeditions involving constant danger. He belonged in Cambridge to a small group of climbers, among whom may, perhaps, be mentioned I. A. Richards of Magdalene, Claude Elliott of Jesus, and R. Pye of Trinity. Mallory was a few years senior to these, who all took their degrees about 1908 or 1909.

Mallory was a singularly handsome young fellow with a really wonderful face, which, together with his well knit athletic figure, gave him an outward charm which was only equalled by the charm of his mind and of his spirit. He was always very popular with all who knew him and he had a very wide circle of acquaintances. Recently he had become heir to an estate at Moberley in the north of England, and he had, in many ways, the world at his feet.

But only those who were really intimate with him knew another, and a more spiritual, side of his character. He was very introspective, and lived apart in a world of ideals, and those ideals were of the highest. He was deeply serious in his outlook and he took little interest in trivial matters, so that if the conversation, which forms so large a part of an undergraduate's education, wandered away, as it must do in time, from the high plane he used to set, he invariably tried to draw it back to the level from which it had fallen. He was essentially honest in thought and in deed and at times outspoken—so outspoken, in fact, that a momentary irritation was sometimes produced; but that invariably passed away and was immediately forgotten.

One could not help feeling when one heard of his death among the snows and storms of the unconquered mountain that—

Heav'n lifts her everlasting portals high  
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

A. E. SHIPLEY.

[In a note to Sir Arthur Shipley's brief but perfect appreciation it is sufficient to recall the circumstances of Mallory's death as far as they are, or are ever likely to be, known. He and his companion Irvine when last seen were toiling up the last 1,000ft. of Everest and "going strong." What arrested their progress when so close to the summit of their desire, no one knows, as neither signal nor token was received from them



GEORGE HERBERT LEIGH-MALLORY.

afterwards. They may have dropped exhausted in the snow, or have been victims of one of those unexpected accidents which attend high mountaineering. We know that they could not have survived for two nights without shelter at that altitude and amid such desolation.—ED.]

## CORRESPONDENCE

## "WHO WROTE 'WUTHERING HEIGHTS'?"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you allow me a little space in which to say with what pleasure I read Miss Butchart's review of my book on "Patrick Branwell Bronte" in your issue of the 14th inst.? I am glad to know, from the sympathetic tone of her thoughtful and really admirable article, that the writer evidently agrees with me in one particular, namely, that the matter can never be settled by merely flinging abuse either at Branwell or his defenders, but only by a calm and dispassionate examination of the facts brought forward. I have from the first pleaded for a full enquiry in a fair court. If Mr. Shorter will produce the facsimile of the MS. he says is Branwell's missing novel, it could then, as Miss Butchart suggests, be compared with the text and plot and subject matter of "Wuthering Heights." My own opinion is that it was, probably, an earlier attempt. Mr. Shorter and Mr. Hatfield between them give such a confused and conflicting account of it that a plain person cannot follow them. In the *Times Literary Supplement* of May 1st, Mr. Hatfield asserts that among the MSS. of Branwell Bronte which have been preserved is "undoubtedly that 'one volume of a novel' which Branwell wrote at Haworth Parsonage in the year 1845, after he was dismissed from Thorpe Green. It is both undated and unsigned." If this is identical with Mr. Shorter's MS. of "And The Weary are at Rest," how does it now come to be dated 1845? If Mr. Shorter wishes to solve this problem it is up to him, as Miss Butchart so pleadingly entreats, to give this MS. to the world. But I should prefer to reserve my judgment—until I had seen either the original MS. or a printed facsimile. Surely an advertisement would reach its possessor, and he would allow it to be examined by experts! But, failing this, let Mr. Shorter produce a verbatim copy of the MS. "And The Weary are at Rest." With regard to Miss Butchart's observation

that "One can hear the difference between Branwell's style and Emily's," I would just ask, in all friendliness, what do we know of Emily's prose style? For, to assume that "Wuthering Heights" is her style is surely to beg the question of its authorship. All we know for certain of Emily's prose are the few letters given by Mr. Shorter in "The Brontes and their Circle." We know from Mrs. Gaskell—who was shown one of his unfinished MSS., a tale—that Branwell's style was characterised by a "perfectly pure and simple language which distinguishes so many of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*." "Altogether," she continues, "the elegance and composure of style are such as one would not have expected from this vehement and ill-fated young man." Lastly, let me say how glad I was to read what Miss Butchart says about not attributing to Emily "the least shred of blame for granting Branwell the protection of her pen-name for his novel if she believed that by so doing she could help her sick and unhappy brother." With regard to Charlotte's remark about "laughing" together with her sisters over the mystification of the public in regard to the authorship of "Wuthering Heights," I take this use of "we" to be a mere *façon de parler* on Charlotte's part, and not to be seriously and individually applied to the sisters. The most that Emily would do would be to give that "scornful smile" with which Charlotte tells us she listened to a review of the novel only a little time before her death. With apologies for trespassing at this length on your valuable space.—ALICE LAW.

[We understand that the original script of Patrick Branwell Bronte's novel, "And The Weary are at Rest" is in the hands of an American collector, and that what Mr. Clement Shorter possesses is a copy.—ED.]

## REAL EPITAPHS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps these two examples of the above may be thought of sufficient interest to be

accorded space in COUNTRY LIFE. The terse simplicity of the first cannot be surpassed I think; it is in the old church of Crudwell, a tiny village in Wiltshire near the Gloucestershire border:

"Received of Philip Herd

His borrowed earth,  
July 4th, 1673."

The second belongs to a "Heart" brass in the fine Somerset church of Wedmore, famous as the scene of Guthrum's "chrissom-loosing" following his baptism at Aller:

"Sacred to the Memorie of Captain Thomas Hodges of the County of Somerset esq. who at the Siege of Antwerpe about 1583 with unconquered courage wonne two ensignes from the enemy, where receiving his last wound he gave three legacies; his soule to the Lord Jesus, his body to be lodged in Flemish earth, his heart to be sent to his dear wife in England.

"Here lies his wounded Heart for whome One Kingdom was too small a room;  
Two Kingdoms therefore have thought good to part

So stout a Body and so brave a Heart."  
R. E. HEAD.

## THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On reading COUNTRY LIFE of June 21st I came across the photograph of the tombstone with the mention of Captain Cook. Here I have with me a first edition of Cook's "Voyages," and on looking it up noticed that he was killed on Sunday, February 14th, 1779—not 1778, as it says on the tomb. Can anyone offer an explanation?—E. MORRELL.

## A CATALOGUE OF MODELS OF OLD BUILDINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

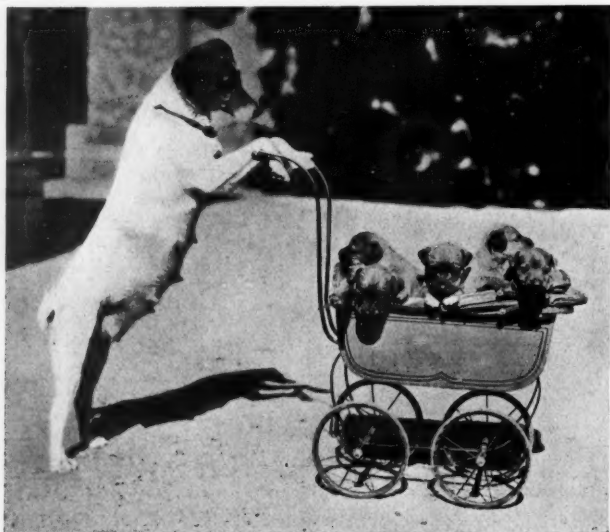
SIR,—I have received numerous enquiries from Colonials and foreigners as well as our own sightseers as to where and how the many models of old buildings can be viewed. I am

accordingly compiling a catalogue of such models, and would be grateful if any private individuals or public bodies possessing interesting models of old buildings or cities would send descriptions (and, if possible, photographs) to me at 257A, St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. I should also be glad to hear of models of recently constructed buildings of outstanding interest, which would be included in the catalogue for purposes of comparison.—CONSTANCE HATCH.

#### "WEBS" AND HER PUPS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I beg to send you a couple of amusing snaps of my dog, "Webs," and her pups. "Webs" is three and a half years old, and this is her first family, the father of which was an Irish terrier. It is not so much from the point of view of a picture of pups that I send you the photographs, but chiefly to show the adaptability of my dog to circumstances. I share with thousands of others a horror of training animals to do tricks as such, but one must not blind oneself to the fact that such an intelligent animal may possibly like to do grotesque things for its own amusement. I am sure that dogs at times do odd things not merely for the praise that is afterwards bestowed upon them, but because they derive a satisfaction of their own out of the doing of them. "Webs," a splendid house-dog, is nevertheless a most docile and gentle dog, and seems at her happiest when performing some clever new accomplishment. All our friends love her entertaining ways. We were, of course, keen to see how she would treat her children, and she has proved a model mother, bringing up her five puppies "by hand." She never tires of playing with them, and often leaves our company to go and allow herself to be mauled about by the callous young beggars. As for the picture of the pups in the doll's baby carriage, it was quite easy to obtain. There was no trickery in the job; the dog has no tricks. All we did was to put the youngsters into the carriage, and show "Webs" what we required by placing her front paws on the handles. We walked along by the side of the carriage just at first, and in a few minutes she was proud of a new accomplishment, and allowed me to secure four good pictures.—RUFUS H. MALLINSON.



AN AIRING BEFORE MEALS.



THE LUNCHEON RUSH.

#### CLEMATIS MONTANA

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a Clematis montana growing on a wall at Clouds, Thornbury, Glos, the residence of Lady Jenkinson. It was grown from a cutting taken by me in August, 1915; the length of it is 12yds. I hope you may think it worth publishing.—L. BALL.

#### PARAFFIN AS A FERTILISER.

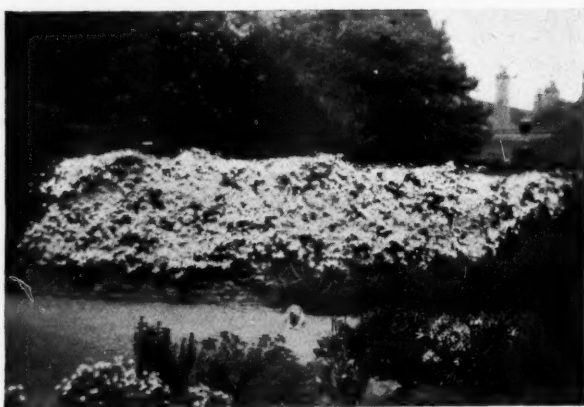
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Is paraffin a fertiliser? Recent experiments by a market gardener who cultivates a wide stretch of land tend to show that it is. This man originally tried a paraffin dressing comprising one teaspoonful of paraffin to a gallon of water as a medium for destroying the black fly. He observed, or thought he did, that plants treated with this dressing grew bigger and faster than others which had not been so treated. That led him to experiment with paraffin as a fertiliser on other plants, and the results again were markedly satisfactory. To-day he regularly uses a paraffin dressing as combining the properties of an insecticide and a fertiliser. Another useful hint from this experimental gardener is the discovery that caterpillars breed mostly on the lower leaves of his cabbages. When there is any sign of caterpillars, therefore, he simply cuts off the lowest leaves of the plants, treats the rest of the plant with salt and finds the caterpillars give him no further trouble. These lessons from the experiments of a careful gardener may be useful to others who are cultivating land.—W. S.

#### THE MAGPIE AND THE CIGARETTE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE mentions the interesting case of a magpie that places a lighted cigarette beneath its extended wings, apparently as a parasiticide. Such sagacity, though at first sight somewhat astonishing, is not really very amazing on the part of the magpie—a near relative of the crows, which, naturalists agree, are the most intelligent of all birds. The conduct of this particular magpie reminds me of an incident recorded by one of the distinguished naturalists of the last century, the Rev. J. G. Wood. But, in this instance, the bird was a jackdaw: a near relative of the magpie, however. The incident is as follows: "He (the jackdaw) was imitative in the extreme, and more than once put the house in danger by his passion for lighting lucifer matches, of which amusement he was as fond as any child. On one occasion he lighted the kitchen fire in the course of the night. The cook had laid the fire overnight, intending to apply the match early in the morning. The jackdaw contrived to get hold of the lucifer box, and had evidently rubbed the match upon the bars and so set fire to the combustibles, as the cook found the fire nearly burnt out, the jackdaw in the kitchen,



THE GROWTH OF NINE YEARS.

and some eighteen or nineteen matches lying in the fender." The original narrator adds that this jackdaw was so frightened at the sharp crackling report when he struck his first match that he ran away with all possible speed, coughing and sneezing after his fashion, from the fumes of the sulphur, as he had held the match close to the phosphoric end. "He never seemed to distinguish the ignitable end of the match, and would rub away with great perseverance on the blank end, without discovering the cause of his failure. By degrees, he contrived to singe all the feathers from his forehead and nostrils, and once burned his foot rather severely." Apparently, the magpie whose ingenuity has occasioned this correspondence is a bird of superior intelligence, being well able to play with a dangerous element without inflicting injury upon himself. But—it would not be very surprising to hear that he has singed his sable wings!—CLIFFORD W. GREATORX.

#### ORIGIN OF PLACE-NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I awaited further letters from other correspondents on Mr. George Bertram's subject on the origin of place-names (in your issue of June 14th) before I penned my own. Mr. Bertram says in his above-mentioned letter that not a few place-names remind us of the root of all evil, i.e., money; he mentioned Farthingstone and Winfarthing, among others of like names. Some of your readers interested in this subject may like to know that Pinfarthings, a hamlet in Minchinhampton Parish on the Cotswolds in Gloucestershire, adjoining the well known golf links, has been an antiquarian puzzle to not a few antiquarians, local historians and others, among them being Dr. Lycett, the famous geologist of the 'fifties in the nineteenth century, who published masterly descriptions of portions of this county in his "Handbook of the Cotswold Hills." Could your correspondent enlighten us as to its real meaning? Some say it got its name from the sale of pins and farthingales sold or made there in bygone days—hence its name Pinfarthings. By the way, Dorsetshire has its Sixpenny Handley—an ancient hundred—and Shilling Okeford; then there is Pennywell, near Bristol, which, as your correspondent says, also reminds us of the root of all evil.—HUBERT BURROWS.

#### "THE ACCURSED HARVESTER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—By using Friar's balsam in hot water and sponging on the places likely to be attacked harvesters can be kept off pretty well. The smell no one can well object to, and it does not turn a silver chain and watch black as sulphur would be inclined to do. On one occasion, in the North, I discovered myself being tormented by harvesters, and remembering that a drop of oil had been recommended to me at Killarney for putting on to each heather tick to end its days, I made use of the nearest impromptu remedy, which was some tonic for my hair, made up from a prescription the base being the clearest white vaseline-looking stuff with a lot of chloroform in it. It gave me relief to a great extent, and a few applications did for each one, but the marks remained for weeks.—EDWARD KING.

# SOUTH AFRICA: THE LAND AND ITS LIFE

**S**UN, fruit, superb scenery, an old culture, noble cities with an architecture second to none in the world are some of the virtues of South Africa. But even more important to those who think of giving up an unequal combat with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of setting up a new home is the question, "What is the life really like?"

In South Africa the amenities are probably closer to those of Europe than anywhere else. The Cape itself is a comparatively old country. Its beauty is akin to that of the Riviera, its old farmsteads and vineyards to the lower Rhone valley. In conventions it is very close to London.

The great majority have become deeply attached to the country, and are entirely hopeful about their future. That applies not only to the men, but to the women; and it is a curious fact that the more cultured and refined the homes from which these women have come the more completely have they adapted themselves, not because the conditions were familiar or easy, but because that type of woman has usually sufficient inner grace to do without the artificialities of town, and has the right spirit to make the most of and to appreciate conditions in a young but beautiful country.

South Africa differs from the other Dominions mainly in this, that nearly all its navvy and similar unskilled manual work, and much of its domestic work, is done by coloured wage-earners. The migration from Britain is, therefore, not of the masses, but of people able to establish themselves without dependence on an employer. Increasingly, since the war, that class has had to go overseas—commerce, law, medicine, engineering and the Services being overcrowded; and largely they have turned to South Africa, where climate, beauty and atmosphere so resemble the pleasure grounds of Europe.

And having to restart in a new country they have, in the main, turned to farming, which is a career not overcrowded. Moreover, in farming there is as much scope for ability, as much reward for application as in other careers, and with a good deal more of independence, and the attraction of outdoor life. Farming in South Africa is still in the stage when fortunes are being begun. Within a short time it is safe to say that South Africa will suddenly "go ahead" of all the Dominions in farm and dairy produce.

Throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, just as in England, ex-townsmen and their families have established their homes and estates small or large. You find them in mountain-girt valleys growing peaches and grapes; on the spacious

kopje-strewn plains, ranching sheep; on the highlands with their maize and tobacco fields, cattle pastures, apple orchards and wattle plantations; or in the lowlands, where cotton, sugar and oranges grow. Some farms are less than a hundred acres, and there are others up to ten times the size of Hyde Park; but the value of the farm and the sort of life it affords is not solely determined by size, but mainly by soil and rainfall.

The farmer in South Africa has to be energetic to succeed. Often his day is long and strenuous, if principally spent in seeing that things are properly and promptly done rather than in manual exertion. He must not be above taking off his coat and giving a lead when necessary, but usually he has hired labourers for the heavy work, such as ploughing, felling and stacking. He is up early, generally just as the sun peeps over the horizon; and in the morning stillness, when all the veld is fresh and fair, a few moments are spared to take tea or coffee on the veranda and to light a pipe or cigarette. Then away, either on foot, on horseback or in the handy Ford car, according to the distance that has to be covered.

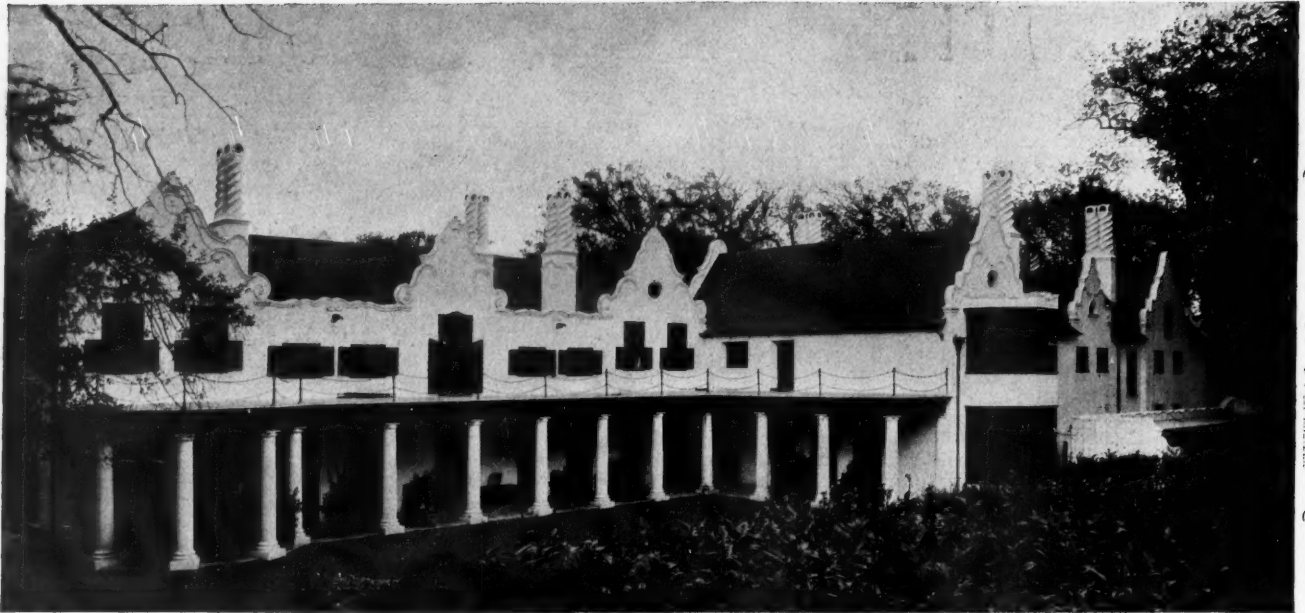
On a fairly typical farm the first call will be to the byres to see that the cows have been tended, and after being milked are sent to the pastures. Then off to the maize fields to supervise the teams engaged according to the season. There draught animals and gear will be overlooked, natives instructed, the progress of the work examined, errors put right and plans made for the next step ahead; for, although the South African native is a docile and not unwilling worker, the "baas" must clearly give all instructions and closely watch that they are carried out, returning during the day whenever time can be spared.

By now, probably, a considerable distance has been covered, the sun is getting hot, and breakfast time is at hand. After that there may be wool to classify and bale—a long and tiring job, but interesting as affording the opportunity for estimating profits. Or, if there be an orchard, the pickers must be visited, the conveyance of the fruit to the packing shed must be organised and periodically speeded up, the grading, wrapping and packing of the fruit must be watched, and despatch effected in time to catch the train. And at any moment a message may come in that a mule or cow is in distress, or that sheep are missing, or that an implement is broken, or that a native has hurt himself; and off the "baas" must go to remedy that.

Perhaps there is new land to be broken or to be fenced, or a dam to be built. Periodically there is the dosing or inoculating



A SOUTH AFRICAN HOME: WELGELEGEN.



THE BACK STOEP AT GROOTE SCHUUR, REBUILT FOR CECIL RHODES BY MR. HERBERT BAKER.

of livestock as a precautionary measure, and "dipping" of a flock or herd—this latter a teasing undertaking.

Many other operations could be cited, according to the sort of farming adopted, but sufficient has been said to indicate that the farmer's day is pretty full. Yet so invigorating is the outdoor life that usually he finds time for an hour or two with the dogs and shot-gun. Or, if he is studiously inclined, there are always market reports and agricultural papers worth studying, agents' accounts to be checked, material to be ordered, receipts and expenditure to be posted.

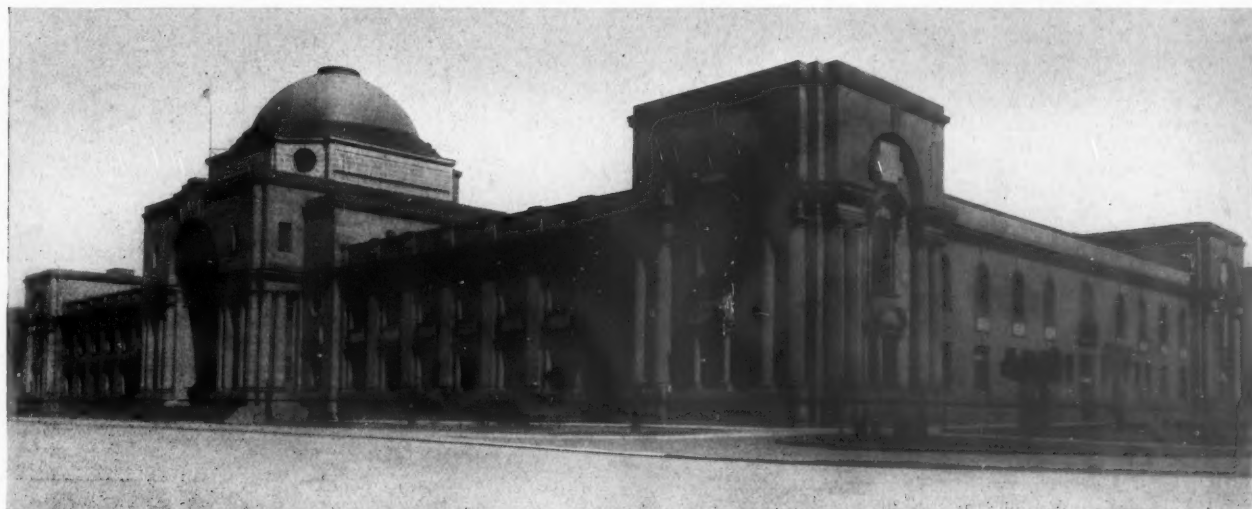
The variety prevents monotony; the fact that the pawns in the game are breathing animals and plants on which the effect of one's operations is visible give to each action a living interest that the inanimate cannot give; and to the newcomer,

when the first crop for which he has been responsible appears above the ground, the miracle of it is a subject for contemplation that never wearies.

It is a good life, as nearly everybody who has tried it admits; and, though the technicalities are many and must be understood before there can be success, yet they are not so complicated but that an educated man can master them in a year or two; and it is noticeable that men who have been successful in business, the Army or Navy, are usually successful in South African farming, if not too old when they turn to it: and usually they enjoy the work. It gives scope for initiative, for judgment, responsibility and general aptitude, and it is, in South Africa at least, an occupation calling for those qualities rather than for mere muscular strength.



THE LIBRARY AT GROOTE SCHUUR, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER.



LAW COURTS, JOHANNESBURG.

For the ladies of the farmer's household, too, there is interesting and profitable occupation. The domestics on the farms are usually coloured women—the wives or daughters of the labourers. It is unreasonable to expect that they should have the same experience and deftness as an educated European, or that they should instinctively know how to run a well appointed European household, especially as ideas on that differ even among Europeans. But the natives, if patiently taught and properly supervised, are a very big asset to the housewife. They are by no means without intelligence, and often become trustworthy and competent servants, without caste scruples such as the Indians have, but willing to do any task allotted to them. They, of course, do the sweeping, scrubbing, laundry work—except of the more delicate sorts—scullery work and even plain cooking.

If the farm has been selected in an area where the soil and rainfall are good, it is usually practical to have in front of the homestead at least rough lawns and a garden that will delight the heart of a flower lover. Fruit of nearly every sort can be grown in most localities, if not as a commercial proposition, then for home use; and the drying, canning and preserving of fruits is on many South African farms a matter of great pride.

Then there are poultry—geese, ducks, turkeys and fowls—primarily for table purposes, but often developed on commercial lines into a source of appreciable additional revenue. Well



THE UNION BUILDINGS, PRETORIA.

bred pigs add variety and profit, especially if cream is sold and there is a supply of skimmed milk; also beekeeping is increasing. On a South African farm the family live rent free, and have



HOSTEL FOR WOMEN, POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

seldom any real servant problem. There is no land tax, and when all the farm operations are fully established, a good table can in some instances be maintained at little cost except for groceries. The clothing bill is not the item it is in towns—not because appearances are disregarded on a farm, but because tasteful simplicity, rather than expensive display, rules along the countryside even among the wealthier farmers. And a full, interesting, contenting life can be led by the farmer and his family, at least on those farms where a start was made with sufficient capital to develop the possibilities. In several areas much, and even most, of the farming is done by cultured people, social amenities within reason are accessible, probably there will be a village or a town within driving distance, and, as indicated above, there are numerous resorts in the country in which to have a change and spend really delightful holidays.

The writer recently had occasion to visit a couple of families who three years ago went from Mayfair and bought a South African farm. They often talked of the old life and of the features in it which they would enjoy when funds permitted them to revisit London. But they were emphatic that, having lived for three years the spacious outdoor life of a South African farm, they could not seriously think of permanently living in London again. They were convinced that for people of their taste and class, with means that once were comfortable, but that now would be only a modest competence in England, life as they had found it along the South African countryside was preferable. That is fairly typical.

Yet there is an essential difference. It is more easily felt than defined, but so pronounced is it that when one looks back on one's days in South Africa, life as one knew it there, even as a town-dweller, stands out in strong contrast to life as one finds it in Britain and especially in London.

It is a difference not so much in manners and customs as in environment and atmosphere or climate; and how vital a factor climate is in one's restlessness or content any who have travelled far can appreciate.

There are for most of us so many stern realities in modern life that for anyone to start babbling about clear skies and abundant sunlight when discussing living conditions may seem like trifling; yet restlessness or content, success or failure in the widest sense are largely determined by the atmosphere in which we live and the amount of sunshine we get. How vital a factor the sun can be, how strong the longing for it becomes on separation, are known to every South African and Australian who has lived a year or two in Britain, and explains the ardour with which in the end they return to their own lands, and the appeal which those lands make even to visitors.

In South Africa, for example, though you live in a populous urban centre like Johannesburg, there is an unforgettable quality in the dry inland air of that high altitude that draws you out of doors to face with at least initial cheerfulness whatever the day may hold. The heights around the town, dotted with villas and plantations, have a bright winsomeness, and every garden and pavement is sunny.



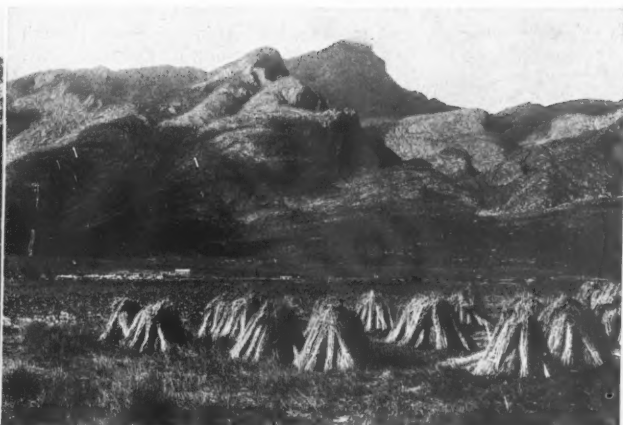
CARRYING IN GRAPES FROM THE VINEYARDS.



THINNING OUT THE BUNCHES.



VINTAGE.



SOME OF THE COUNTRY THAT NEWCOMERS ARE SETTLING IN.

A FERTILE VALLEY.



THE BEGINNING OF A CATTLE RANCH.

ON LAKE HERMANUS.



THE FIVE O'CLOCK DIP AT DURBAN.

A ROCKY COVE, KNYSNA.

The smaller towns and villages, too, though simple, are seldom drab. Even the arid Karroo, where little grows except on irrigated land, has a magic of its own. Those accustomed to the trim green fields and hedges and the misty woodlands of Britain may on first inspection deem the Karroo the very home of monotony and desolation. But the champagne-like air, the fantastic but delicately perfumed herbage, the lonely kopjes, weird in outline and often wonderful in their varying colours, and the peace and vastness of the plain, combine in a curious effect if you stay long enough to feel their influence, the memory of which brings a throb of longing to him who has left the Karroo.

Or if you live in the Cape Peninsula, in front of your bedroom casement, probably, there looms a foliaged mountain ravine, or the austere grandeur of a solitary peak. You waken to that inspiration, and to the cooing of doves in surrounding pine woods; then in some areas there is a very blue sea in which to have one's morning dip and a bright beach or cove for a sun bath.

These may seem trifling incidentals to the serious, but they matter. They enable one to start the day well, and if thereafter one has to rush for a train and battle one's way in the city, it is generally done in better spirits than under the smoke screen of Britain; one's nerves are more equable, some of the surrounding sunniness touches the general temper. Perhaps that explains why there is not the same stiff formality in South African business or social intercourse that there is in Britain.

Once one is at one's daily task, whether it is in workshop, office or store, conditions and methods are much as in Britain, except for a difference in the scale of the operations. South Africa has, of course, large, wealthy towns, with an architecture that puts many an English city to shame, but it has nowhere the urban vastness that is so common a feature in Britain. The traffic is in places brisk—rickshaw, motor car, electric tram, hansom cab, landau, and, in some towns, the ox wagon intermingling; and often it is a peculiarly interesting traffic by reason of the picturesque setting and the variety of races—white, brown and black.

It is, however, not only, or even mainly, in appearance that a street scene in South Africa differs from one in London or Birmingham. Perhaps the most noticeable feature to the newcomer is that though there is animation, and even bustle, there is not the swarming humanity, ant-like in its density and hurry, which is such a feature of large towns in Britain; and the first impression on landing in South Africa from Britain is generally relief from the sense of being hemmed in. It feels good to be in a country that is uncrowded and unstaled; good to have elbow room, and to breathe deeply and gratefully the wandering veld air which reaches and penetrates even the larger towns.

Of course, no climate is perfect, and even that of South Africa can be trying. The heat is at times oppressive, though not in the tropic sense, but, generally, the hottest day is followed by comparatively cool and refreshing nights. There is practically

no snow, and fog of the pea-soup variety is unknown, though occasionally there are heavy sea mists along the coastal belt, but they have a tang of ozone in them, and are clean and not nauseous phenomena.

At times the coastal towns are afflicted by the south-easter, a howling gale off the Atlantic, which, however, does not often last for more than a day or two. Inland, for a month or two towards the end of the almost rainless winter, dust storms are common, but not persistent, being generally followed after a day or two by spells of radiant weather. Fortunately, the domestic servant problem is not quite so acute in South Africa as in Britain; and as most of the dwellings are of the bungalow type, not only pleasing in architectural design, but conveniently planned according to modern ideas, bad weather is not quite the affliction to the housewife that it is in Britain.

In nothing are South African living conditions more different from those of Britain than in the facilities for outdoor recreations. All classes participate freely in those recreations, and are not merely spectators. Motoring especially is in considerable vogue, and in proportion to population more owner-driven cars and side-car outfits are seen in the streets than in Britain. Few are so poor in South Africa but that they can get golf and tennis all the year round, and hockey, bowls, cricket and football in season.

And there are numerous holiday resorts, with railway excursions and residential accommodation to suit all purses. In the South African summer, and especially in the school vacation from towards Christmas, the seaboard from Cape Town to East London along the Indian Ocean is thronged. A seaside

holiday in South Africa is a peculiarly free, bright and beneficial experience. Even in the more populous resorts the beaches are as nature designed them. They have not been spoilt by the builder—spacious beaches, often in noble surroundings, as at the foot of mountain chains in the Cape Peninsula. There, *al fresco*, one may spend an ideal month, fishing, riding the waves on a surf board, or taking long healing sun baths on the golden sands.

Around many a picturesque cove, and in the pine woods adjoining one or two of the beaches, quite a village springs up in the season. On other beaches there is camping under canvas. And most enjoyable of all in the South African winter are the resorts along the Natal coast. There one may hire a furnished bungalow for a month or two, far from the cares of town, and idle away the golden hours in tropic surroundings of sea, forest, river and lagoon.

But it is the country life of South Africa that is above all enviable. Those who love the atmosphere of country homes in England will find something exactly comparable at the Cape. Old walls, vine-shaded verandas or stoeps, lawns, shade, gardens, blue hills and fruit. Within, cool panelled rooms, the glow of worn old furniture dating from Dutch or Boer times two hundred years ago.

That is the life at its ideal. It is not fair, though, to suggest that every newcomer can settle direct into an old family place, though he may share its life. The life led by the hundreds of well-to-do people who have recently gone out to farms consists in more than—

Singing "oh how beautiful" and sitting in the shade.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### A TRIUMPH FOR THE SHIRES.

OWNERS of Shire horses, especially if they are members of the Shire Horse Society, are having a bright moment at the present time, as their favourite breed in the heavy classes has achieved a remarkable success at Olympia. It swept up all the awards in the single draught turn-outs. The results in those classes set to test the Shire as a draught horse or for farm work were most gratifying. The Shire teams exhibited by Messrs. Mann, Crossman and Paulin and Messrs. Lyons and Co., respectively, were placed first and second by the three judges. In these days there is a tendency to rely on the heavy draught horse rather than to go to the expense of buying machinery to do their work, and we expect to hear even better news from the shows of the future.

### THE LONG WHITE LOP-EARED PIG.

"*A propos* your reference in a recent article (Livestock on the Duchy of Cornwall Farms) to the Long White Lop-eared pig," writes Mr. Frank Bonnett, Edgcombe, Guildford, "it occurs to me that you might

less money than they have cost to breed and rear. Those of us who have kept most breeds of pigs know that the pedigree Large Black is still the best dual all-round pig.

Is it possible that the present type of pig which the shows are developing is not quite the right animal? Ten years ago a pedigree Large Black, as I remember it, was much more of a bacon pig than it is to-day. It had a longer head, a lighter jowl and a finer shoulder, and it reared large numbers of pigs which could either be turned into porkers of some 70lb. or 80lb. live weight, or be carried on for first-class baconers, which received the best prices from the bacon factories.

At present one sees some of the White breeds fetching more money at public auctions than the pedigree Large Black. Has not the time come for the Large Black Pig Society to let the world know the many merits of the pedigree Large Black? We know that, to the eye, both Berkshires and Middle Whites are very taking, but for people who have to make their money out of rearing commercial pigs the pedigree Large Black still seems the best all-round breed. It is, therefore, curious to see Large Blacks fetching such poor prices at the present time, because the bulk of people who buy pigs have to rely on commercial pigs for most of their money. Fancy points and taking appearance are very secondary considerations when it comes to sending pigs into the pork market or to the bacon factory.

I hope to see some move on the part of the Large Black Pig Society to let the world know all about the great advantages which the Large Black still has over every other breed from the money-making point of view.

S. F. EDGE.

### GROWING PULLETS.

The growth of this year's pullets should proceed without interruption, since a check in this direction during the next two months will retard laying when the birds reach maturity. On the other hand, there should be no forcing to ensure rapid growth, since this can but result in under-sized birds. Such fowls will produce small eggs throughout their lives and, therefore, be useless for laying or breeding purposes. As soon as it is possible to distinguish between the sexes of the chickens the males should be separated from the females. This segregation of the sexes is of paramount importance, because the cockerels must be fed upon a special fattening diet so that they may be marketed early, while the pullets require feeding in such a manner that their growth

is steady and their general condition kept up to par. Further, to promote satisfactory growth, the pullets should be graded according to size and age. If the flock be a mixed one, the smaller and weaker chickens will not secure their fair share of food; hence they will not thrive.

It is not altogether an easy matter to determine the exact nature of the rations which should be fed. It may be taken, as a general rule, that growing pullets require the same proportion of protein, fats, carbohydrates and fibre as laying hens. Yet, if a laying mash be fed, there is always the possibility that the youngsters will mature too rapidly and come on to lay before they have attained sufficient size. It is found, however, that a suitable diet can be compounded from the laying mash, if it be altered slightly.

The most suitable grains to employ are wheat, short, fat Scotch oats and kibbled maize in the proportion of 2, 1 and 1. For dry mash



LONG WHITE LOP-EARED SOW WITH THIRTEEN PIGS (NINE WEEKS OLD).

care to publish one or other of the accompanying photographs of the breed. This breed of pigs is sometimes referred to as 'the breed that has been kept in the dark,' because until quite recently it has been in the hands of a few farmers in the West of England. It is, however, very old-established, as is proved by the fact that the pigs breed absolutely true—I have bred something like a hundred and have not had a single spot of black or blue or any colour among the lot. 'White Lops' are remarkably prolific, very docile, hardy, good doers, and make nice porkers as well as ideal bacon pigs. For the first time the breed of Long White Lop-eared Pigs is included among the breeds of pigs to be shown at the Royal Agricultural Show at Leicester this year."

### WHY ARE PEDIGREE LARGE BLACKS SO CHEAP TO-DAY?

On looking through the prices obtained at recent sales one quickly realises that at the moment pedigree Large Black pigs are fetching

feeding the following mixture will give excellent results: Middlings, four parts by weight; broad bran, three parts; Sussex ground oats, one part; maize germ meal, one part; clover or alfalfa meal, one part; and fish or meat meal, one part. When the birds are being reared upon the wet mash system, the basis should be scalded biscuit meal. This can be dried off with the above mixture of dry meals and the whole will form a first-class ration. Grit, oyster shell, granulated vegetable charcoal and water should always be kept before the birds, while fresh green food should be supplied daily.

Every two or three weeks a few of the pullets should be handled, so that it may be determined whether they are making satisfactory progress. The birds may appear to be perfectly healthy, yet on handling they may prove to be either too thin or too fat. An alteration in the quantity of food supplied will quickly bring the birds back to normal condition again. The treatment which is meted out to the growing pullets during the next two or three months will exert a considerable influence upon the future egg yield and the general health and vitality of the stock.

W. B.

## SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

### A GAME REPORT.

THE following further report from "B" adequately expresses the frame of mind of sportsmen who are watching the germ growth of next shooting season. Written on the 23rd ult., it cannot appear until somewhat out of date, but its publication is fully justified by the fact that final verdicts usually hark back to conditions at about the present time. "My keepers now report that they see a very fair lot of wild young pheasants—some of them big birds. The partridges are not hatching particularly well here (Norfolk), many of them leaving two, three and four eggs in a nest. Some of these contain dead birds and may have got chilled in the cold, wet weather when the hen was sometimes off the nest to dry herself. Sheltered nests have hatched well enough. The weather is, of course, favourable now, but the hay cutting is just commencing, and is a very thick crop. I fear that many of the young partridges will be destroyed by the cutters, as they are so young and helpless. If it keeps very hot and windless, results may not be so bad. In a month from now prospects for the coming season will be better defined. Wheat, barley, oats—all look splendid in addition to the hay, the best crops we have had for a long time. Roots are hanging fire for the moment. Up to date two-thirds of the partridge nests have hatched off."

### THE ANXIOUS PERIOD.

So simple and ungarnished an account of the doings of game possesses a hidden eloquence which will appeal to all lovers of nature, this largely because the routine of every species is beset with corresponding anxieties, but only the one group of birds is watched by experts. If partridges and pheasants were of no more account than jackdaws and starlings we would rest content to allow full play to nature's processes for preventing over-population. But in the case of edible species the desire is for superabundance of production in order that man may later enforce the regulation. Hence, every cause of mortality is anxiously noted and as far as possible countered. Among the most regrettable examples of the past few weeks is the trimming of railway banks, for these have always been favourite nesting places and have become more so in consequence of the deterioration of fences, largely through the instrumentality of an excess of rabbits. The fence which is merely cut close to the bank to promote farming interests is usually improved for nesting, though admittedly spoilt as a screen for driving. Reverting to railway banks, I heard only last week of a comparatively short length within London's suburban area where three nests, all within a few days of hatching, were cut out and spoilt, the men being too ignorant to seek assistance. If the companies could by concerted action delay this work till July, a valuable accretion to the country's partridge supplies would be assured, but as things stand the first burst of sunshine is utilised to reduce the herbage to a less dangerous condition from the point of view of inflammability by engine sparks.

### LESSONS OF THE PAST NESTING SEASON.

Perhaps no season better than this one will exemplify the importance of good nesting accommodation both for partridges and pheasants. From time immemorial both birds have been noted to occupy in a seemingly perverse spirit places most open to disturbance by inquisitive terriers, gatherers of wayside flowers and such like. But the explanation is always the same, *viz.*, that the roadside waste and the margins of footpaths nearly always contain a superabundance of covert which is nowhere else allowed the same free scope. In these days when far fewer people than formerly control the areas they shoot over the remedy is less easy to apply, but even so, many opportunities awaiting the seizing are not taken. The habit of all underwood growth is to become bare beneath, cutting alone letting in the sun and promoting a dense thicket of saplings. Of late years partridges have shown an increasing tendency to nest in the borders of coverts, a habit which might be further cultivated by keeping the undergrowth well down for a depth of a dozen or twenty yards. Pheasant shooting conditions would be improved in the process, since a marginal screen of man height would stop the outward view from within and provide a clear space for taking wing. Where opportunity occurs many a field corner where the plough has perforce to make a wide sweep is already in a state of waste inviting the planting which might easily be put in hand. On a certain estate thoughtfully arranged

in this and other respects the proprietor informed me that storms were not in his experience as destructive as others assumed or found them to be, but this can hardly be a general experience, rather is it a testimonial to the value of handy shelter such as he has provided. One sees in many parts of the country chalk, gravel and other pits forming islands in the midst of arable land, but seldom evidence of special treatment such as would enhance their natural qualities as places of shelter. Too often they are the resort of rabbits conveniently located for injuring the crops. Keepers as a class must perforce make the best of things as they find them, so that it rests with their masters to study the accessories which add to the results of their work.

### NATURAL FOOD FOR GAME.

This year's record show on the part of most of the flowering shrubs and treelets presages an abundance of natural food for game birds. The conditions which work towards such a result are not always apparent. Last year's practically complete failure arose clearly enough from biting cold winds during the season of bloom, fructification and fruit setting. The remarkable show of beechmast and similar forest tree fruit the year before was attributed to the exceptional wood-ripening influences of the long drought of 1921. This year's abundance among the lesser trees, and also beech, may well result from the combination of a backward spring and plentiful stores of moisture in the earth. Frequently the early terminal leaves are nipped by frost so that a second growth must be improvised before summer condition is established. This year's bursting of the buds was so late as to obviate the danger of a set-back; moreover, destructive insect pests of the aphid order were singularly scarce. The drought season of 1921 began very early and, without any real winter recovery, was virtually repeated in the following year up to the early summer, hence a lack of moisture on both occasions which reacted on the fruits beloved by game. The continued prolongation of perfect summer weather since it set in on June 13th should ensure the best results from survivors of early pheasants, late hatchings of the same bird and of such partridges as emerge from the shell after a trying nesting period. The salvage, with continued luck, should prove considerable. Certainly a valuable element in rapid attainment of strength is the plenteous food available, not only now, but in the late summer months to come when the flowers of the past weeks yield their fruit.

### OLYMPIC CLAY-BIRD TEAMS.

During the past few weeks proceedings at the clay-bird clubs have been enlivened by the presence of teams from the United States and Canada who have broken their journey to Paris for the Olympic games with the view of becoming acclimatised. Their prowess with the gun has been remarkable, the number of clean runs of kills having been phenomenal. The onlooker naturally says, "Mechanical"; but the fact remains that to stand sixteen yards back from the trap and time after time to plant the right barrel, or equivalent first charge, dead on the bird is no mean performance. The angle containing all possible directions of flight is considerable, and there are sundry little nerve-racking disturbances, as, for instance, one or more birds thrown broken from the trap, for these are not evenly distributed. Most of the shooters use single-barrel guns of the repeater, automatic or pure single-shot type, with under-and-overs here and there in evidence. They put the gun to the shoulder and cuddle up very closely before giving the order "pull." This word, or an ejaculation to correspond, can be pronounced in about fifty different ways, a stern purist now and again resisting the tendency to develop eccentricity of intonation. On the ready they point the gun just above the trap and swing to the mark, wherever it may appear, with a quickness and precision which defy analysis. Among our British shots we have a number who run the best of our oversea visitors very closely, but whether an entire team of cast-iron certainties can be mustered is difficult to decide. Our trouble, as always, is the national habit of versatility. The specialist is a very dull person and we abhor dullness. The hallowed competitions of our championship meeting have been thrown open to the visitors by way of offering them an extra welcome; in fact these events were hurriedly organised at a time of mild interior disturbance in order to supply a means of comparing our shooting with theirs. That they swept the board was not surprising to those who had witnessed the style of their shooting, and had noted the crash on the bird of the perfectly centred charge.

# TWELVE HOURS IN IRELAND

## THE IRISH DERBY AND SOME BLOODSTOCK.

TWO horses bred in Ireland but trained in England dead-heated for the Irish Derby at the Curragh last week, and as this most unusual incident in the history of Derbys was witnessed by the writer it may interest the reader to be acquainted with the details. In all, I had just about twelve hours in the country, during which I saw some attractive bloodstock, in addition to paying a visit to the Curragh for the Derby. Alas! the Curragh is a different place from what it was, shall I say, ten years ago, when British cavalry, artillery and infantry regiments were quartered about the place and at Newbridge. They made Derby day a big social affair, and from their tents would dispense bountiful hospitality. The tents are gone, and those soldier sportsmen who spent much money in the country are gone too. The whole atmosphere is changed. The long range of barracks are partially occupied by men of the Free State Army, young men for the most part, in sage green uniform. Half a dozen of them, with an officer, policed the racecourse and cleared the track of people before each race. They did that job efficiently enough, and no one ventured to question authority. For the most part the people did not seem prosperous, and many appeared to be out of a job. Matters, I suppose, are quiet in the country for the time being.

Leading racing men in Ireland were frankly disappointed that their Derby had dwindled so much that, on the day, only seven horses could be mustered for the starter. They did not include a single Irish horse that was in any sense seriously fancied. The card did not state what the total entry was in the first instance, as is always done with our English race cards, but it must have been considerable, for the Irish Turf Club has to find a total of £5,000 as prize money in this race and they would have to draw largely on entry and forfeit money. A score were actually coloured on the card and seven survived to go to the post. Now, practically every breeder in Ireland makes a point of putting his best yearlings in the Irish Derby. Needless to say, those that did come under the starter's orders were by no means representative of the best horses foaled in Ireland three years ago. They told me that their best horse last year was Pacific, by Grosvenor from Paciencia. He ran four times and was never beaten, being then sold for a big sum to go to France, where he has already won as a three year old. I do not know even whether he was entered for the Irish Derby, but he was not on the scene last week, and apparently the best still owned and trained in the country was Illyrian, belonging to Lady Conyngham. Four of the other six were from England, and the other two did not matter. The four invaders, with one exception, were all bred in Ireland. They were Bridge of Cahir, belonging to Colonel Charteris, a Steward of the Irish Turf Club; Haine, the property of the Manchester starch manufacturer, Mr. C. F. Kenyon, who maintains two training establishments in England; Zodiac, belonging to Major Giles Loder; and Sir Abe Bailey's Bucks Yeoman.

The outstanding candidate was Haine, though I am sure Major Loder had hopes of beating this colt with Zodiac. The former was much the better known. He was a good winner as a two year old, and I well remember the confidence with which he was expected to win the Prince of Wales' Nursery at Doncaster last September, and how he did win in fine style. Then, his exploit at Ascot made his chance in Ireland an undoubted one. He had burst through with a rare turn of speed to beat Norseman for a mile and a half handicap, after the latter had appeared to have the race won. Donoghue was blamed as the rider of Norseman, but the fact is that Haine would have won much easier had he been free to begin his run earlier. It was this form which pointed to success at the Curragh, especially as the field was going to be so moderate. Zodiac, too, had called attention to his existence by finishing second to Polyphontes for the Ascot Derby. He ran twice as a two year old, but he was backward at that age and his first real race was the one at Ascot.

These were the two that now dead-heated for Ireland's Derby, but what an unsatisfactory race it was! They dawdled for at least a mile, only racing in the last half-mile. This did not suit a stayer like Haine, and when the rush did come he looked like being swamped in the straight; but directly another got in front of him—this other was Zodiac—he ran with such determination as to get up in the last stride or two to make the dead-heat. Three-quarters of a length away, third, was Illyrian.

Just a word or two about the dead-heaters and their breeding. On looks Haine was to be preferred, for he has a more robust appearance and suggests rather more power. His sire, Hainault, was bred and raced by Lord Derby, and is now the property of Lord Dunraven, standing at the Fort Union Stud, Adare, County Limerick. He is an extremely well bred brown horse by Swynford from Bromus, and is, therefore, half-brother to Phalaris. It is only four years ago that he started stud life, and Haine, therefore, was among his first crop of foals. The actual breeder of Haine was Mr. Dan Hederman, from his mare Almond, and as a yearling he sold the colt at Doncaster for only 420 guineas.

He was, of course, a wonderful bargain. Zodiac is a son of Sunstar from Molly Desmond, and was bred by Major Loder. Molly Desmond was by Desmond from that famous race mare, Pretty Polly, and probably she is the most valuable of all the progeny of the mare. Molly Desmond bred Spike Island, who won the Irish Derby in 1922, and was, I am sure, a particularly good horse until he went unsound and was then sold, I fancy to go to Australia. Zodiac has many of the characteristics of Sunstar, though he is rather delicate-looking. But he is a good mover, and is sure to be heard of again, as he seems to have been some time maturing, and his owner has wisely refrained from hurrying him.

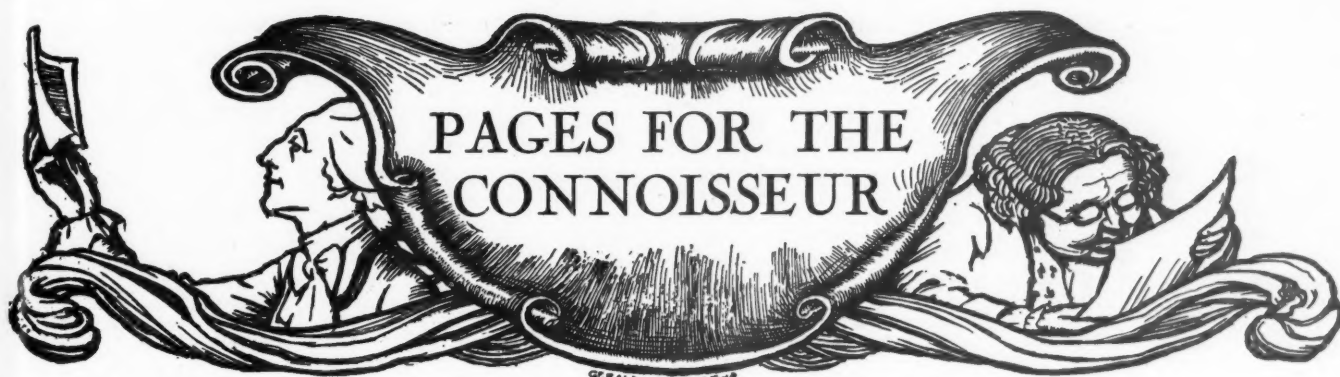
It was on my way from Dublin to the Curragh that I was able to call a halt not so far from Dublin and look over Mr. Ernest Bellaney's small but very select stud. He generally sends about half a dozen yearlings to Doncaster every year, and invariably they include some notable winners. Granelly was one, also his half-brother Sir Greysteel, and this year he can claim to have bred the best two year old filly of the present season—Lord Woolavington's Margaritta, winner of the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot, and a sure winner, I believe, this Friday at Newmarket for the Fulbourne Stakes. It so happened that I saw the dam of Margaritta with a foal at foot. I refer to Coucy, a chestnut mare, her foal being a late but an uncommonly good one by Bachelor's Double. There is no yearling from her, unfortunately for Mr. Bellaney, but she is a very young mare with a splendid future before her. Her owner has wisely given her a rest for a year, influenced in the first place by the fact of her last foal being a late one. The mare will be all the better for the consideration shown her.

Then, at this stud I saw one of only two grey Tetrarch fillies which are likely to come to auction this year. The famous grey does not appear to be prolific in these days as a sire, but Mr. Bellaney is fortunate in having one of these rare and valuable individuals. Outside breeders would, I think, give much to have the Tetrarch blood introduced through the medium of grey fillies. This one is from an Orby mare named Lady Orb, who was a good winner, and a rare sort in the matter of size and character. Her breeding, of course, makes her so very interesting and attractive, but in point of looks she has nothing in hand of a really notable chestnut filly by Phalaris from Betty Hill, a mare by Sunstar from Ballymany, who was by Volodyovski from Grey Lady, by Grey Leg from Vampire, the dam of Orme. Betty Hill is a young mare, and this second foal of hers is, I am sure, going to make a big name for herself. I like also the brown filly by Buchan from Grania, the dam of Granelly and other winners. Very soon the stock of Buchan must begin winning. This is their first season on the Turf, and as foals they were so good-looking that they simply must make a name before long. Only, I daresay, those associated with that horse would like the start to take place without any more delay!

The brilliant doings of Black Friar have sent up the value of the stock of Friar Marcus. Mr. Bellaney has a filly by the Sandringham sire from Demi Monde, the dam of several winners. This breeder, I find, likes to keep young mares that have themselves been winners; and if they do not succeed after a fair trial they are cast to make way for others. It is the way to build up a first-class stud, providing the dimensions do not get too big. Just two colts I would like to mention. One is a rangy and attractive grey by Roi Herode (who for some years past has been located not so many miles away) from Annie Blanche, the dam of Witch Doctor. And then there is a bay colt, sharp and active, by Son-in-Law from Lady Lightwood, the dam of White Wand. Anything by Son-in-Law is saleable. Mr. Bellaney did not breed this one. He paid a big price for him as a foal. It is not such a long time to Doncaster, and already arrangements are being made here and there for the yearlings to come into training. This week the National Stud disposed of something like fifteen. They left for England during the day I happened to be in the country, and by this time have found new owners. I should not have written of Mr. Bellaney's young stock had I not been certain that they were right out of the ordinary. I never saw anything like the wealth of grass in Ireland this season. The trouble must be to get it eaten down. No wonder Irish-bred yearlings in most cases start with an advantage over those not bred in the country.

Since returning I have seen Baton Rouge win the Newbury Cup for Mr. Somerville Tattersall, but it was a poor sort of race, which disclosed Keror as a plodder possessed of only one pace. But the brightest thing last week was the way the crack two year old colt, Black Friar, won the British Dominion Two Year Old Plate at Sandown Park, giving lumps of weight away and yet winning in the style of a high-class one. I have already stated that Lord Woolavington has the best filly of her age in Margaritta. He has the best colt in Black Friar, though I do not think we know quite exactly how good Diomedes is. This colt, however, is due to run at Newmarket this Friday, and might have to meet Iceberg. In that case the result would be enlightening. I would expect Diomedes to win.

PHILIPPOS.



## OLD MASTERS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S

**G**REAT as the drain on the art treasures of this country has been for some time past, yet the resources of England in that respect still seem to remain inexhaustible. To convince oneself of this, one has but to visit the Loan Exhibition of Old Masters, now being held at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries on behalf of Lord Haig's appeal for ex-Service men. A collection of about forty pictures of outstanding merit and interest has been brought together, and a considerable proportion of the exhibits are works which have remained but little known.

Many schools are represented in the collection, and several examples will be unfamiliar even to students of considerable experience. A case in point is the "Virgin and Child enthroned with Angels" (No. 3), which may be assigned to the local school of Sardinia at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It has much in common with the works of the contemporary Spanish Masters, and has actually been ascribed to one of them, Bartolome Vermejo. A comparison between this picture—so noble in the disposition of the figures, and so decoratively effective through its varied and contrasted notes of red—with the undoubted works by the Sardinian painters about 1500, leaves, however, no room for doubt that the present painting must be classed with the pictures in question. In these days of specialised enquiry, not even the Sardinian school of painting is without its monograph—a charming, very lavishly illustrated little volume, published last year by Miss King, Professor of the History of Art in Bryn Mawr College. It may be mentioned that the

present picture having, I understand, been acquired by its previous owner at Ajaccio, there are also external reasons for associating it with Sardinia rather than with Spain.

The Italian school is represented by several masterpieces of the highest rank. One before which the visitor is likely to linger longest is the wonderful "Portrait of a Man" (No. 17). Traditionally this picture was held to be the work of Titian; subsequently an attribution to Giorgione has been put forward, but personally I feel there is every reason to subscribe to the previous attribution. That the picture shows the influence of Giorgione there is no denying, but so do the early works by Titian generally, and the style of drawing is not Giorgione's, with its extreme simplification, but the much more closely wrought-out method of Titian. Leaving, however, discussion as to authorship aside, there can be unanimity as to the extraordinary power of emotional expression which is evinced by this noble, melancholy head, with its intensity of far-reaching glance. This is one of the pictures which once seen can never be forgotten; the design of the whole is strikingly novel and original, and the beauty of the scheme of colour is something quite exceptional. The predominant note is one of great austerity: black, greys and the white of the shirt; and against this the one note of deep red in the close-fitting sleeve tells with the most extraordinary effect.

A Spanish picture of more than normal interest is the "Immaculate Conception" (No. 7), by Valasquez. There is little in this picture to remind us of the Velasquez who achieved his great triumphs in the rendering of open air light; it is painted



ELIZABETH, CHARLOTTE AND HORATIA WALDEGRAVE, COUNTESS OF WALDEGRAVE, COUNTESS OF EUSTON AND LADY HUGH SEYMOUR. (BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.)

with great tightness and hardness, lights and darks being sharply contrasted. That is the method, pursued by Velazquez in his early period, when he produced his numerous *bodegones* scenes, of which the "Water-carrier of Seville," in the collection of the Duke of Wellington, and the "Old Woman Frying Eggs," belonging to Sir Herbert Cook, are such important examples. The colouring of the present picture is of great fascination, with its strange harmonies—note the contrast of purple and blue in the Virgin's dress—and the design has an austere and monumental dignity which is very impressive. Painted about 1620, when Velazquez was about twenty years of age, this picture was formerly in the Convent of Carmelitas Calzadas at Seville.

Turning to the Masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, we are met by an array of great names, admirably represented—Rubens and Van Dyck, Frans Hals and Rembrandt, Vermeer and Albert Cuyp. The last-mentioned artist is seen to particular advantage in his "Cattle on the Mass" (No. 22). This is not one of the commonplace Cuyp's, with cows conventionally arranged in the foreground and a golden mist suffused over the scene; there is something exceedingly crisp and novel in the long straight line of the cows standing on the bank, which is the predominant motif of the design; while the delicacy of tonality and atmosphere is perfectly delightful.

Among the English eighteenth century pictures, attention must inevitably centre on Sir Joshua's "The Ladies Waldegrave" (No. 10), painted in 1780-81 for Horace Walpole, the great uncle of the three fair sisters. The disposition of the whole group is no less happy than the motives and poses of the individual figures, and the quality of actual painting is one of great verve and

vivacity. Of great charm and somewhat unusual in Sir Joshua are also the details of the setting within which the figures are placed—the table in the foreground, for instance. The other Sir Joshua in the exhibition, the portrait of the first Marquess of Drogheda (No. 10), is an attractive, comparatively early work (1761). George Romney's large, full-length portrait of Sir Hyde Parker, Captain of the Phoenix (No. 16), is hung in the dangerous neighbourhood of two Titians. It is painted with a vigour which is rare in Romney, but the proportions of the figure seem somewhat strange and there is something rather awkward in the arrangement of the background, with its vista of the sea and a man-of-war; this suggests, in fact, quite the painted backgrounds in use at country photographers. As a figure painter, Gainsborough on the present occasion is only seen in his capacity as a copyist. There are quite a number of interesting copies by Gainsborough after the Old Masters, and one of them is seen here, "Albert, duc d'Arenberg," after Van Dyck (No. 28), a very boldly and rapidly painted canvas in which the characteristic feathery touch of Gainsborough is plainly seen. Two fine landscapes (Nos. 21 and 26) represent another facet of the artist's talent; and the exhibition also contains a good Richard Wilson, "The Summit of the Cader Idris" (No. 20), in which the point of view is, however, chosen so as to make the Welsh mountain giant appear rather diminutive. Finally, mention may be made of a remarkable Greuze, a portrait of Etienne Jeaurat, the painter (No. 18). Here is a work which offers a striking contrast to the artist's innumerable sentimental heads and evinces qualities of vigour and unaffectedness which are agreeably surprising.

## TREASURES OF OLD SILVER

DRAWINGS BY CONTINENTAL MASTERS.

WEDNESDAY, July 9th, at Christie's will be a red-letter day to all who love old English silver. First, there is the well known Mulliner collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century examples. After its dispersal—at about two o'clock—there will be sold a series of very important Tudor and Jacobean pieces with others of later date. The John A. Holms collection of objects of art is of world-wide celebrity—from it there comes the exquisite Tudor cup we illustrate. It is fashioned like a font with straight sides, the stem is fluted, and round it is a band of roped work; the circular foot is modelled in lobes and bears a narrow band of foliage. Round the lip runs an inscription and below it a band decorated with scale pattern, and the centre of the inside of the bowl is hammered with honey-comb pattern. It is a very famous work of a London silversmith whose mark was a scallop, in the year 1521, its height being 4½ ins., its diameter half an inch more and its weight a little over 14 oz. It is silver-gilt.

From the same collection is an Elizabethan tazza, also silver-gilt, of the year 1577, by a London maker whose mark was an arrow and the letter H. It is surmised that he was one John Harryson, who dwelt at The Broad Arrow in Chepe in 1569. The bowl is shallow, and in the centre is an embossed and chased head of Mars surrounded by borders of strapwork and foliage; its baluster stem is incised with strapwork; strapwork and fruit are embossed on the foot within an egg-and-dart border.

There are also from the Holms collection a tiger-ware jug mounted in contemporary silver which bears the London hall-mark 1567, and the maker's mark WC and a grasshopper, probably William Cocknidge; a James I tazza, shaped like a shallow basket, marked IC with pellets in a shaped shield and the date letter 1616; and a Commonwealth porringer bearing the London hall-mark 1656.

When John Walton was Archdeacon of Derby from 1590 to 1603, he left money in his will to buy two silver-gilt steeple-cups for the use of the Bailiffs of the Borough of Derby. These cups, 17 ins. and 18 ins. high and marked with the hall-mark of London, the date 1602, and the maker's sign, an A B monogram in shaped shield, will appear in the sale. These are the property of Evelyn Countess of Craven, and until recently were exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum. They are similar in form, but the decoration is slightly different. In the larger the domed cover surmounted by the steeple with scroll brackets and baluster tops and the V-shaped bowl and the foot are incised with carnations and other flowers, while round the middle of

the bowl runs the inscription "Ex dono Johannis Walton Archidiaconi—Derbie 1603." In the smaller cup the floral decoration consists of fleurs-de-lis, Tudor roses and fruit, with shells.

Prominent among the anonymous properties is a James I silver-gilt goblet, the bowl of V shape, the lower part being embossed with fruit and foliage, the baluster stem and circular foot engraved with the same. But the strange thing about the goblet is the inscription on the lip "1588 McLeod of Lewes"—in the far Hebrides in the year of the Armada, which passed south to ruin close by. The hall-mark is of 1620. Twelve years earlier is a silver-gilt cup and cover decorated with bands of grapes, vine leaves, cherubs, dolphins and strapwork, embossed and chased, the stem being a three-handled vase. On the cover stands a female figure holding a shield with engraved monogram. Noteworthy items in the sale are six dozen dinner plates of similar pattern by Paul Lamerie, the dates being from 1722 to 1748, later additions and a Lamerie coffee-pot of 1742, sold by order of the will of the late Sir Edward Scott, Bt., at the request of Sir Samuel Scott, Bt.

A collection of important drawings by Old Masters, mainly the properties of M. Jacques Arnal of Toulouse and of M. J. B., will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on July 9th. It comprises interesting examples of the Italian, Dutch and French schools by very famous men. An outstanding lot is a large scrap-book

of seventy-nine drawings, among which is a wonderful series of landscapes by the celebrated Joseph Vernet, consisting of scenes in Rome and its neighbourhood. Several sketches are signed and dated by him in 1747 and the following year. There are a number by Claud Lorraine also, one being a large drawing showing cavalry officers practising near the Trinita dei Monti in Rome, while another drawing is in pen and ink on blue paper. Other signatures in the scrapbook are those of the artists Parmeggiano, both Teniers and Pietro da Cortona.

In the J. B. collection may be noted two drawings in black and red chalk by L'Agneau, one being the portrait of an elderly clean-shaven man turning to the right, the other the portrait of an old woman turned to the left, both being busts; two circular drawings in pen and ink by Jorg Breu, a pair, allegorical of the months, showing harvesting and hawking and a procession in a city; two by Perugino, one being a silver point heightened with white on prepared pink paper, gins. by 7½ ins., representing the portrait bust of a man, the head slightly turned to the left and presumably a study for the portrait of Francesco dell'Opere in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, the second a Group of the Four Apostles in black chalk heightened with white, corresponds with part of Perugino's picture of the Ascension in the Museum, Lyons; one of the Wise Virgins, "St. Ursula," in pen and ink by Martin Schongauer; a landscape with horsemen in the foreground and a river in the middle distance, by Titian; two works in pen and bistre and bistre wash by Paul Veronese, the first being a sheet of studies containing various mythological figures, the second representing the Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine, and "Melpomene" in pen and bistre with wash and heightened with white by one of Raphael's pupils and comparable with the figure of the same title in the Master's fresco of Parnassus in the Vatican. Other artists represented in the catalogue are L. Bakhuisen, Hans Bol, A. Caracci, A. Cuyp, I. Esseleens, P. de Koninck, C. Netscher, F. Quesnel, H. Robert, L. F. de la Rue, Sir A. Van Dyck and W. Van de Velde.

Good prices were realised at the sale of old English silver, Sheffield plate, coins, etc., from various sources at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's galleries on June 27th, when a George I tea kettle, stand and lamp, the kettle of octagonal shape with scroll handle and spout, engraved with coat of arms, the stand of open-scroll design with two handles resting on three feet, with lamp, 13 ins. high, 1719, by William Spackman, brought £430 10s. (Crichton), and a Queen Anne plain teapot of squat shape with scroll spout and domed cover, 1713, William Penstone, realised £207 (Tessier). D. VAN DE GOOTE.



SILVER-GILT CUP OF 1521.  
(Height 4½ ins.)